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MONTE CASSINO.

Monte Cassino, round whose rugged peak
The very cloisters in their beauty climb,
Souls on this summit still perfection seek;
Beholding at their feet the things of time,
As forests from this mountain-top are seen
Dwarfed into littleness. The grave, calm rule
Of holy Benedict is here their school,
To win each thought, each wish from scenes terrene;
While I, a pilgrim from a land afar,
Have claimed the gracious privilege as mine
To visit, and at their shrine,
Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica.
Written in the Monastery-book, July 9th, 1876.

SPEEDING by railway into the quaint little town of San Germano, every traveller to Naples sees Monte Cassino, perched like an eagle's nest on the highest of the peaks in that grand mountain region. For ourselves, we can easily leave Italy without having seen Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum or Pompeii; but to leave Italy without having seen Monte Cassino, would be to disappoint the wish, if not the expectation, of years. Not only have St. Benedict and St. Scholastica their individual and united hold on our hearts and imaginations, but the Benedictine spirit has been found to run through so much which we most prized in devotion and Benedictine history, through the periods and the lives we have studied with such ever-increasing delight, that our American solitude often heard the sigh, that we might, some day, be allowed to climb this steep pathway, and drink from the same fountain which had sent its healing and civilizing waters through the whole Christian world. And yet, when we actually stood at the base of the rugged mountain, looked until our eyes ached at the monastery on its very summit, it seemed like a rash dream; indeed, nothing but the considerations we have named, could have induced us to attempt this ascent on the back of the best donkey in Italy. The ascent looked perilous enough, but the descent.

Strange to say, we had no sooner passed through the stony streets of the town at the foot of the mountain, and entered upon the actual path to Monte Cassino, so broad and so skilfully graded, than all fear subsided. We were stepping on the very edge of precipices, winding round and round the sharp angles of gigantic rocks, but at every point we could see what pains had been taken to anticipate an accident. Our guides, too, were not only good-natured but

very careful, and our donkeys the surest of sure-footed animals. At first we dared not trust ourselves to look down the dizzy heights; but admiration soon overcame fear, and we found ourselves forgetting all the imaginary perils of the way in the beauty and majesty of this amphitheatre of mountains, their heads among the clouds, while at their feet lay vast forest tracts, villages and towns, like mere specks or patches of color. Every shade of green, from emerald to the palest olive, on the plains; every shade of gray, of amethyst, of sapphire, on the mountains; while close at our side, and forming the foreground of this picture, were rocks, with their deep crevices rich in verdure, and where the delicate blue harebell, the starry clusters of the virgin's bower, and the wild rose found a home, while trees often threw a grateful shadow over our path.

We soon pass the picturesque *Rocco ganula*, whose strong walls actually withstood two sieges by the German emperor, Frederic II, its citadel crowning a mountain-peak a little lower than Monte Cassino, while its straggling towers and walls extend almost into the town of San Germano. Thence, still ascending, still winding along the broad flank of the mountain, we came to the little chapel of St. Maurus, on the spot where St. Benedict parted with this beloved disciple when sending him to France to propagate his order; then to the chapel of St. Scholastica, each with its saint frescoed on its inner wall, and then to the highest of all, the chapel of the Holy Cross, or Trinity Chapel, as it is often called, on account of its three arches, which can be seen distinctly from the base of the mountain. But although we had passed all the chapels, we still found crosses planted to commemorate events in the life of the holy patriarch of Monte Cassino; and also marking, in nearly every instance, some distincture in the road; for there can be no doubt that the path is essentially the same as in the days of St. Benedict. The fourth and last cross stood on a table-land overlooking the vast plain below, but also giving us, after one sharp curve with its steep ascent, a view of the portal of Monte Cassino. When that portal, the very same through which St. Benedict and his personal disciples had gone in and out, rose before us under the arching acacias of the avenue, with the venerable walls of the monastery above it, we could almost believe that we saw St. Benedict also, seated on his rude bench ready to receive, and to confound by the majesty of his presence, the rash Totila; could see him also with the peasant who had come with his dead child to ask back its life from St. Benedict; could see the slave, cruelly bound with thongs, driven by an infuriated master to the feet of St. Benedict, only to be released. All our impressions of the dramatic grandeur of the character of St. Benedict came back to us with our first sight of the gate of Monte Cassino. It was on the same level spot, or table-land, before the gate where all the scenes were enacted, that we alighted from our patient beasts of burden, and prepared to ascend—yes, still ascend—to the first court of the monastery. This ascent is made through a long low arch of such solidity that it seems to be cut through the rock itself, and so paved as to allow a mule to carry its burden to the gate of the first court if desirable, while flag-stones give still another path to the pilgrim on foot. Half way up this solemn entrance is a shrine of St. Benedict with its lamp; and over the second gate is a relief, in marble, of the Blessed Virgin seated between St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and holding her Divine Son on her knees.

But how describe the effect of this first court upon the eye and the mind, as we emerge from the low rocky

arch? How describe its forests of columns, stretching off in long vistas, and all the beauty of those arcades through which we look on inclosed gardens in their summer blooms, or catch glimpses of the strange architectural phases through which the monastery has passed during its more than thirteen hundred years of existence! As we advanced to the centre of the portico on which we had entered, we found ourselves gazing through an open balcony on the left, over the enchanting view from that side of the monastery, while before us on the right rose successive flights of steps, the width of the vast court, and leading to still another court, through which we had a sight of the cathedral church. At the foot of these grand steps were the statues of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and in the very centre of these architectural surroundings was the monastery well.

These Benedictines, we said, certainly understand, not only the value, but the significance of a monastery well. For there it stood in the centre of that inclosed court like "a thing of beauty and of joy forever;" its massive curb, as graceful in its outlines as a marble lily, of which it reminded us; its straight canopy resting lightly on two Corinthian columns, and the ornaments above supporting a cross. The worn steps, the worn lip of the curb, only told the story of a beautiful age of goodness; while the clang of the buckets, one going up as the other went down, and the splash of water over the steps, told of the perpetual youth of an ever-gushing spring.

We had not come to Monte Cassino without having obtained, through the kindness of Monsignor Chatard of the American College, the *permission* from the Holy Father necessary for ladies who wish to see the treasures of this most ancient of all the monastic sanctuaries of the West. The right reverend abbot had also extended to us a courtesy reserved most strictly for the mothers and nearest relatives of the pupils in the seminary, thus giving us the time really necessary if we were to have more than a glimpse of what we had for so many years longed to see. But as if nothing was to be lacking for the perfect fulfilment of our anticipations in visiting Monte Cassino, we could not only claim the very reverend prior as an American, but as a friend; for years before, while on a visit to the United States, he had assisted us in our researches concerning St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. It was not, then, the "salve" of the porter alone, which had welcomed us to Monte Cassino, and never had our English tongue sounded more delightfully in our ears than when we heard it, that day, from the lips of Dom Bonifacio Krug, or *Father Boniface* as we had always called him. Nor was it without a feeling of just pride as Americans, that we saw him, at last, in his own place, in this retreat of learning and of sanctity, looking out over one of the grandest panoramas of mountain, and plain, and historic grounds, which the world knows.

We had not time allowed to stop at San Germano even for fifteen minutes, and it was in the guest-room at Monte Cassino, on the same level as the first court, that the abstinence dinner of Saturday, so perfect in its appointments, yet so monastic, was served to us. After this we proceeded immediately on our sight-seeing. "And first," said Father Boniface, "we must venerate St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at their own shrine."

From this point, too, our readers must consider themselves not mere readers, but companions; seeing through our eyes, hearing through our ears. We step out into the first court: "Let us drink from the well, Father Boniface!" and the bucket is lowered to send up another. The porter runs gayly for the large glass

tumbler in which the water is given to visitors, and thus refreshed we mount slowly the long flights of steps guarded by Sts. Benedict and Scholastica, pluck a leaf or a flower from the crevices, and find ourselves in the upper court, and all around us in their niches, the papal and royal benefactors of Monte Cassino. How grandly those marble figures look down upon us! What nobleness on those brows, what piety on those faces, whether lifted to heaven or turned benignly towards earth! How had they not been enriched by giving, far more than others by despoiling! Another well stands here; but the lower well has proved too powerful a rival, and the silence of the upper court is unbroken by the clang of its buckets, beautiful as are the proportions of its marble curb. We pass along the shaded side of the court, and come to the church, which stands on that highest point of Monte Cassino, once occupied by the temple of Apollo, and its high altar over the highest point of the highest rock. As Father Boniface remarked, the monastery is not built upon the mountain, but *around* it, and the church and the altar mark its loftiest altitude. The great bronze doors of the nave were closed, and we could see them, in all the splendor of their silver lettering, giving the long list of possessions which had been made over to the monastery by the generosity and the piety of other and brighter days. Without raising the foot at the threshold, we enter the church where the living God has been so faithfully served since the year 529. Its walls may have been destroyed over and over again; but the foundations, laid not so much on the everlasting hills as in the *true God*, have never been disturbed. Of the first church, which was the temple of Apollo converted into a temple of God, we read that it was destroyed by the Lombards in 589. One hundred and thirty years later Petronace of Brescia constructed on its ruins a church, which was consecrated by Pope Zachary, in 748, and destroyed by the Saracens in 884. The Abbot John restored it, however, in 905; the Abbot Didier enlarged and embellished it in 1066, and the Pope, Alexander II, solemnly consecrated it in 1071. In 1349 a violent earthquake destroyed this magnificent monument of mediæval piety. By the order of Urban V. the church was rebuilt, to be again menaced by destruction in 1648. After this, however, another restoration was made, and the church, as we now see it, was raised by the care of the Abbot Dominic Quesada, upon the designs of the Spaniard, Cosme Fansaga, the most celebrated architect of his time; and the Pope, Benedict XIII, after almost a century of labor had been expended upon it, made a third solemn consecration of it in 1727.

But what description, however elaborate, could prepare one for the beauty and grandeur which meets our eyes immediately on entering! It is as if all the loveliest forms and hues in nature had been suddenly arrested and fixed upon this spot. Literally incrusted with marbles, from the threshold to the depths of the choir beyond the high altar, a profound harmony pervades the nave, the aisles, on which open eight chapels of wonderful magnificence, the cupola above the high altar, the deep chapels on either hand. A solemn joy, a meditative delight, is the *motif* of this *Te Deum* in stone. The level rays of the evening sun light without penetrating into these sacred recesses, and send a glow through every chapel. The bland air of the mountain-summit in July, cool without the possibility of chilling, breathed through the lofty arches. The stillness of this Benedictine home of more than thirteen hundred years, fraught as it is with the associations of the hour, of the shrine of the whole Benedictine tradition, is a stillness full of peace. Look up to this lofty ceiling, where the life of St. Benedict

and its supernatural wonders is depicted before you! Look at these angels, so solemn in their gladness, as they guard the ten arches on each side of this nave! Look at the arches themselves, and then on the massive pillars which support them, each bearing one of the crosses peculiar to the ten orders of knights who followed the rule of St. Benedict; each, too, with its olive or laurel or bay-wreath in all the beauty of their natural hues! Look into these eight chapels, and count, if you can, the variations in their designs, in their ornamentation! In vain will you seek to study their several beauties, so multifarious, so subtle; but you can run your eye along those exquisite pillars supporting the canopy of each altar, along the gradines, too, of these altars, take in at a glance the beauty of these fronts with their symbols, expressed by the richest and delicatest of precious marbles, and then along the altar-railing, and not only on the top will you see garlands, but the rounded edge will present another, and every corner will show you an ivy leaf inlaid. From the railing your eye will fall on the steps, on the floor of this chapel, to find them covered, like an enamelled carpet, with graceful designs and choice colors. You will try, at first, to dwell upon these pictures on the walls, on the ceilings of each, and especially on the chapel of Carloman, the uncle of Charlemagne, who entered the order quite unknown, and humbly kept the flocks, saying to the wolves: "Do what you will with me, but spare what has been committed to my charge." You will try to linger here, but the prior will gently urge you forward, knowing, as he does, that you have a great deal to see which you can see only with him, and you will return to these pictures, framed in with lovely marbles, at some quiet hour, and take in all their nobleness of sentiment, all their charming simplicity of expression. You will pause before one altar, however; for it is the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, before which six lamps continually burn; and your eyes will take in, even while kneeling, the beauty of the amethyst-carnelians with which that altar is enriched. They are not there for your eyes, you well know, but as offerings to him who dwells on this mountain height, to make a home for his devoted followers; and the prior will tell you, if you should not recognize them, that the two young saints in an ecstasy of heavenly peace above the tabernacle, are the two disciples of St. Benedict,—St. Maurus and St. Placides.

You will take a side look at the sanctuary; but it is not there you are to go now, but to the sacristy. How noble is this vesting-room of the priests of God! How every worldly thought is banished by what is seen here! Each altar has here its place of preparation. The priest vests, not only before his crucifix, but before a relief in which the rich wood tells something of the wonders of the Holy Sacrifice which he is to offer up, while the ceiling gives the scene from the Gospels where our Lord washes the feet of the Apostle Peter, and he exclaims: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The floor of the sacristy is made from the marble of the old basilica, built by the Abbot Didier. A room, inclosed as it were by the sacristy, contains the treasures of the monastery, not so much gold and silver, as the relics of her own great saints. The weight of bread allowed by St. Benedict in his rule to each of the religious, is here in bronze, of a round form, on which we read in Roman capital letters, *Pondus libræ panis Beata Benedicti.* A Greek crucifix, wonderfully embellished, is the cover to another, in which is a large piece of the true Cross. There is an inscription among the enamels and precious rubies, in which we read: *Roman ornaments with gold*

the wood of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for gold is an ornament worthy of Jesus Christ himself. Is it to be wondered at if, after fourteen hundred years of pious use, the inscription is not quite clear to the unaccustomed eye? Or shall we complain if it has thus worn away under the kisses of the faithful? The pastoral staff of the abbot of Monte Cassino is an exquisite work of Cellini, and worthy of that master. Nothing could be more charmingly worked out in gold than the tiny figures of the saints of the order surrounding the staff, while St. Benedict gives his rule to a religious and to a knight, both kneeling at his side. With how solemn a feeling did we not pass out of this inclosed room in which had been gathered the sacred dust of so many of God's saints, and how we longed to know that such a repository would some day hallow a spot in our own beautiful land.

Passing in and out of the sacristy, you stop to admire the richly embroidered curtain before the door, on which are the arms of the Monastery of Monte Cassino, viz., a tower, with two cypress trees quartered, with the lion rampant. A flight of steps takes you to the Chapel of the Crucifix at the side of the sanctuary, and opposite to this you are taken to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, with its picture of the Assumption and bas-reliefs of four Benedictines, one of whom was the blessed Hermaldus, another of the *Salve Regina*. At the foot of the steps we stand amazed before the door leading into the monastic inclosure. We have seen twisted columns of a beauty not to be described, as we thought, every twist taking up a thread of brilliant mosaic; but those were small, while here are two stately columns of Sicilian *breche*, a sort of rosy, clouded jasper, turning in graceful twists, and through these deep grooves runs a rich garland of flowers, sculptured in white marble. Above the door and supported by these wonderful pillars, is a relief of the Immaculate Conception, which was early a favorite dogma with the Benedictines, and which they were the first to urge on the attention of the Christian world. At this door we look into the peaceful cloisters of Monte Cassino, but our visit is reserved for another day. It is from this point, as we face the door for an instant, that we are attracted by the grand picture over the entrance, and which we have not seen before. It represents the consecration of the church, as made by Pope Alexander II, with Hildebrand (afterwards Saint Gregory VII, but then a Benedictine monk and cardinal deacon) and St. Peter Damian at his side.

And now that we have made the whole circuit of these chapels and stand once more before the flight of steps leading to the high altar, let us throw our whole souls into the depths of that sanctuary where, beneath that altar, built, as we have said, over the highest point of this mountain-summit, where once stood a temple to Apollo, reposes all that could die of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. Twins as they were by birth, they also lived according to the same religious rule within sight of each other, and the time between their most happy deaths is counted by days. From that tower, at whose base we still enter the monastery of Monte Cassino, St. Benedict looked off into the plain on which stood the convent of St. Scholastica, and saw the soul of this sister, from whom he had parted only three days before, ascending into heaven. Immediately his monks are summoned and sent down the steep path of the mountain to bring the body of his sister to the tomb which he had prepared for himself, and in which he will be laid in forty days. You have seen the picture of this procession, bringing the body of St. Scholastica to Monte Cassino, on the wall close by the sanctuary.

Now you will see their tomb, with its thirteen lamps, with its vases of fresh flowers, and itself adorned with every symbol peculiar to the saints themselves, inlaid with untiring skill, while they are represented as sleeping in a sitting posture, face to face, exactly as they were found in their tomb by the Abbot Didier, in 1066. Above this tomb, enriched by designs in mosaic, in which shines the precious *verd antique*, the *lapis lazuli*, and mother-of-pearl, the variegated marble of Spain, is this touching inscription:

Benedictum et Scholasticum,
Uno in terris partu editos,
Una in Deum pistate coelo redditos,
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro æternitate
Custos.

Which we may translate thus:

Benedict and Scholastica,
One on earth by nativity,
One in God through piety, together they ascended to heaven;
United here, this tomb keeps their mortal remains
For eternity.

Above this inscription is the head of an angel, who seems to guard their resting-place. You have seen beautiful heads of angels in every one of these chapels at Monte Cassino, but this one you will say is the most angelic of all in its celestial gravity. And Father Boniface will not hurry us here. He knows that we have come to Monte Cassino for this very spot; that it was one of the magnets which drew us across the ocean; gave us courage to ascend the steep mountain-path. Beautiful as everything is around us, magnificent as are these mountain ranges, pure as the air may be on Monte Cassino, and wonderful as we know to be the treasures of its far-famed library and archives, still these alone could not have drawn us. We came to the tomb and the shrine of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and once here, have really accomplished our pilgrimage. It is not alone that a great saint and the founder of a great order here lived and died, or that here the most beautiful example of the love between a brother and sister ever given on earth has been kept before the world. It is the union of these two facts in a supernatural degree, and the continuity of the tradition itself, with all that has flowed out of the rule of St. Benedict to bless the world, which gives to this shrine its surpassing charm. The tradition of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica contains the monastic traditions of Christendom for fourteen hundred years. Our own convents in America are associated to this one at Monte Cassino; for whether called this or that, the spirit of St. Benedict has entered into all. He was appointed by God to give a monastic rule to the world; and that rule, however modified by circumstances of time or country, is the one to which America, as well as Europe, owes its present civilization. Father Boniface will not hurry us; therefore we shall be allowed to make our thanksgiving, under God, to St. Benedict, for all the benefits we have received from him individually, and to St. Scholastica for having been our example in all womanly virtues and all womanly graces; and we shall be allowed, also, to make our petitions for ourselves and for others; petitions which we cannot help feeling will be joined in and assisted by Sts. Benedict and Scholastica here, if anywhere on earth.

The sun was not far from setting when we were ready to take our first leave of this spot, which had for us so many and such powerful attractions. But Father Boniface would not miss the opportunity to show us the wonderful carvings in wood of the monastic choir. On the three sides of this spacious sanctuary the stalls were absolute marvels of delicate tracery in wood. At the back of each stall was the half-length figure of a saint surrounded, to the very edge of the panel, not by a mere relief, but by stems and flowers and birds raised from the panel.

Every panel was a design by itself, and separated from its neighbors by pillars of a workmanship equally delicate. The arms, the disks, presented still other groups and elaborations, and this choir, lost to the memory of many a visitor by the very multiplicity of wonders around him, might still attract a sincere lover of the beautiful from the plain below. With a sense, so rare in this world, of entire satisfaction, we passed out of the church into the upper court, with its papal and royal benefactors, down the steps, fit for an imperial triumph, past the well and the gardens and the statues of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica, caught another glimpse of the amethystine mountain-summits around us, and then plunged into the cavernous arch leading to the gate of the turret, thence through the avenue of acacias, until the porter showed us the pretty house, with its vines, on the very edge of a cliff, where we were to find a home while at Monte Cassino. From its clean and blooming inclosure we wandered out to the terraces beyond, where we saw the sun set in summer splendor behind the grand mountains in their purple vesture; and then, plucking a handful of blue hare-bells, returned to our rooms, to watch the moon rise and the stars come forth over Monte Cassino.

Six o'clock saw us on our way to this basilica, on a height only to be ascended by the patient donkey; and since four o'clock we had been watching the mists rise from their level sleep over the plains, then roll themselves into vast clouds, to vanish, we could not tell where or how, but leaving everything before us rejoicing in sunlight. The dew just besprinkled the grass and the wild flowers and the old ivy-vines, and the birds had not finished their morning carols, when we entered the church, to find mass after mass celebrating at the different altars in this solitude, as we do in the basilicas of Rome with its teeming population. On the great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, thousands and thousands of the peasantry from the surrounding country flock to Monte Cassino, which is the cathedral of the diocese; and nothing, we were told, could exceed the richness of the ancient costumes seen at such times. But, although, this was not a Sunday to bring out the peasantry in any numbers, we still saw the most beautiful costumes we had seen in Italy, and the most genuine peasantry; and they were all at home among these marbles and statues, and reliefs and pictures. They trod their inlaid floor reverentially, indeed, but without concern, so different is the atmosphere of the temples of God from the far inferior dwellings of royalty. There was nothing here to recall his littleness to the peasant, unless, indeed, the picture of Prince Carloman, who had been a shepherd like himself; but everything showed him the greatness of his soul; nor did these fine forms and dignified heads do dishonor to the training of their Benedictine teachers. It was a "morning picture in church," of which no poet or artist could fail to see the beauty and freshness.

We were not allowed to return to our tower for our cup of coffee, but it was served to us in the sacristy, and thus we could improve our early hour to sketch the well and the court and mountains beyond. Just at the right hour, when the sun lighted up every object on the plain west of Monte Cassino, Father Boniface came to show us the convent where St. Scholastica lived with her choir of virgins in sight of Monte Cassino, and from which she came, every year, to meet St. Benedict at the foot of the mountain, there to spend a day together talking of the things of God. To see this we must go to the open gallery on the side of the court opposite the church, and called "*Loggia del Paradiso*," or Loggia of Paradise, as it really de-

serves to be called. All the charms of distant mountains, of smiling plains, villages, cities, even with those of a foreground of rocks and verdure and lofty trees, were here to be found; and, pervading all, an atmosphere which angels might breathe. Our eyes soon caught the square tower and the buildings belonging to the convent, and then we sat down to give, as nearly as pencils could do in our hands, the fair panorama, in which the convent of St. Scholastica floated in a sort of amber mist. The actual place of meeting between this twin brother and sister was not to be seen from the Loggia of Paradise, nor even to be reached at present by ladies. We must therefore content ourselves with what was before us. To the right of the convent of St. Scholastica was Aquino, the town which could boast of having been the birth-place of St. Thomas, although the castle in which he was born was concealed from us by a lofty mountain-peak. The time passed quickly until eleven o'clock, when the early offices having been sung in the choir, with that pathetic sweetness which is to be heard only in the songs of the Church, the high mass was sung at the altar over the shrine of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. There were a few visitors besides ourselves; there were the peasants in their Sunday costumes; but these were all we could see; for the deep choir held the religious of Monte Cassino, and even the long line of students in the large and small seminaries did not come to view. We heard that mass chanted as if for God alone. Its sweetness and majesty were for him as much as the perfume of any wild flower in some inaccessible glen, or the grandeur of some lake shut in by inaccessible mountains. Never had we heard music which God could claim so entirely as given to himself. The mighty organ spoke only in its turn; and every now and then the one voice at the altar was all that was heard, to be answered by the voices in the depth of the sanctuary only. Those solemn pauses were not broken by trifling *thrums* on the organ keys, but allowed to have their full length, and thus lived in the memory and imagination of the worshipper as part of the grand harmony, as they really were.

After vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament we were presented to the abbot, and received with that graceful urbanity which characterizes the Italian manners. The sorrows of these troubled times do not touch lightly the mitred abbot of Monte Cassino, and we realized, as we looked on the abbot and the prior at his side, with how sublime a self-abnegation they were devoting themselves to the world, as well as to their order, in the cheerful courage with which they maintained themselves on their mountain-summit, stripped of all their possessions, yet satisfied to remain thus until the storm is passed, if at that time they can say, "We have kept Monte Cassino for God and for the Church and for the world, and that, too, without a single violation of principle." This was their declaration, and no grander anthem could come from the fullest choir that ever sang matins and lauds in the stalls of the old home of St. Benedict. We did not leave the right reverend abbot under the arches of his old sanctuary without a gift worthy of himself and the place; a delicate photograph of that picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, most beloved by the community at Monte Cassino, and on the same card some flowrets which had bloomed on their tomb, with his own autograph and benediction.

And now we have come to that part of our visit which may seem to many of our readers to give a sort of climax to our story, for we stand between the twisted columns of Sicilian jasper with their garlands in white marble, and on the very thres-

hold of the cloister of Monte Cassino. Had we stepped over that threshold and returned to the church for an instant only, our permission from the holy father, which would serve for our entrance only, would have been over. There was one solid pleasure in this visit to the cloister, however; it was not only a visit which had cost us trouble and pains, and most peculiar indulgence (as our whole visit might be said to have done) on the part of our Benedictine hosts, but it was made under their permission and protection. *Monte Cassino was still a cloister;* it had not been profaned by secular occupation, and thus allowed to gratify the mere curiosity of the tourist. It was, as we have said, still a cloister, and we were entering as privileged guests, into the oldest monastic home in Christian Europe, and to the home of good Benedictines, faithful and devoted sons of St. Benedict.

But what a contrast between the magnificence of the church and the severe grandeur of the monastery! Our first look as we pass in beside the prior, accompanied as he must be by two ecclesiastics of the monastery, is directed to a very ancient crucifix, not carved in wood nor sculptured in marble, but painted and then left on its plain background, yet of such benignity of expression that we can never forget the *willingness* of the sacrifice made by the Divine Victim. Immediately after leaving this chapel, we come to the chapter room, where all the important questions connected with the welfare of the community are discussed; and the grave decorations of this immense hall of consultation are suited to its end. Besides the twelve pictures which adorn its walls, including the picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, the ceiling gives three, and the very mention of their subjects, viz., Moses calling around him the old men of Israel to assist him in the government, the child Jesus disputing with the doctors in the temple, and St. Benedict giving his rule to his disciples, show that these pictures had a purpose beyond that of mere decoration. Side by side with this venerable room, we have the library, so justly celebrated, of Monte Cassino. This room, however, contains printed works only, which form a total of twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subject-matter, and carefully catalogued. Above the compartments are busts of the fourteen great doctors of their order, beginning with St. Gregory the Great. The chief curiosities of this library are exposed under glass, protected from the rays of the sun by curtains of green silk. The *Rationalis divinorum codex officiorum*, by William Durand, in Gothic characters, a folio on parchment, was printed by John Faust, of Mayence, one of the three inventors of printing, and by the clerk, Peter Hernsscheym. It bears the date, 6 October, 1459. Another, the works of Lactance, printed at Subiaco, in the monastery of the Benedictines, by Conrad Shweynhem and Arnold Pannartzs, German printers, who first introduced their art into Italy. This is the second work printed in Italy, by which we see the zeal of our silent Benedictines to take advantage of modern science. This work was printed between the years 1463 and the 29th of October, 1465. The third in value, Expositions on the Books of the New Testament, by Nicholas Lyra, was printed at Rome, in 1472. In several of these printed books, the initial letters and other illustrations are by the hand, spaces having been left on the parchment by the printers for these decorations. We also see copies of the first wood-cuts, and a copy of the rule of St. Benedict, very beautifully illustrated. These wood-cuts are still regarded as models.

Opposite the library, we enter the

refectory of the monastery. The religious, the seminarians, and collegians meet here twice in the day, at noon and evening, to take their repast in silence with a reader, as the rule of St. Benedict prescribes. This refectory is splendid in everything which raises mind above matter, in everything which carries the thought of man beyond the present. The vestibule is adorned with paintings, below which are fountains, with basins of travertine, of truly artistic proportions and design. The lofty hall itself bears on its side walls the original frescoes from which were copied, in mosaic, the twelve Apostles in the Vatican. On the wall opposite the entrance is a magnificent work of the Venetian school, one of those pictures which, under a double representation, put such truths before the eyes of men. It represents the multiplication of bread by our Lord, and below it the mystical propagation of the rule of St. Benedict under the symbol of bread. At the top of the picture, to one side, we see Monte Cassino as it was in the sixteenth century; on the other side, St. Benedict, receiving in the grotto at Subiaco, his loaf of bread, let down by the hands of St. Romani, in a basket. The figure of our Lord is one of great majesty; that of St. Benedict of a beauty most persuasive and commanding. Among the multitude of persons represented is St. Ignatius Loyola, who was at one time a Benedictine novice. Near the front is the kneeling figure of a Benedictine nun, of extraordinary loveliness, receiving bread from the hand of St. Benedict; while the Venetian charm of perfection in color is given to this picture of heroic proportions, by a curtain of rich crimson at the top.

And now we seem to be leaving behind us everything but the severe grandeur of lives given wholly to God, entering upon corridors prolonged one after another with their vaulted ceilings. There is something inexpressibly solemn in these corridors, on which open the cells of the religious. We can almost see the silent Benedictines of ages ago flitting through their dim length, to stand for a moment in the light of the window at the end or the one exactly in the centre, from which we have such views of the mountains around us and of the Liris winding through the plains at our feet; or, still more impressively, we can see them after the compline song, with its *Nunc dimittis*, each passing silently and meditatively into his own sacred and beloved cell.

Returning somewhat on our steps, we are shown through what was the Novitiate of Monte Cassino, until this feature of the venerable home of the Benedictines was suppressed by the Italian government in 1866. From the end of this corridor we have a view, not hitherto accessible to us, of Monte Cairo, with its summit often wreathed in clouds, and serving as a barometer to the experienced eyes of the old monks. From these grand off-looks we descend to the printing and lithograph rooms, where Monte Cassino does her great work of to-day by reproducing for those who can never visit her, the treasures of her scrolls, manuscripts, and illuminations, as well as original works based upon them. It is not alone in the past that the Benedictine Order is great; she has her own scholars, whom the world is ready to quote, and she has them at Monte Cassino, breathing in with the atmosphere of that sublime mountain-summit, those meditative corridors and rooms stored with the learning of the best centuries of Christendom, the very spirit of monastic erudition and of dispassionate investigation. She needs no one to preside over her treasures. They were either produced by her, or purchased by her at a price which showed that she knew their value. And now that the means and appli-

ances of modern times allow her to do so, she gives to the world, in the midst of her temporal poverty, fac-similes of works too precious for kingdoms to buy. It is thus that Monte Cassino rewards the oppressions of the day and of the generation. Let us hope that she may, indeed, "overcome evil with good."

But we are at the door, of all her doors, the most renowned; for we are awaiting the turning of the key which admits us to the *Archives of Monte Cassino!* What a profound order reigns through these august apartments, in whose noiselessly sliding retreats rest *forty thousand scrolls of parchment* and *four thousand manuscripts!* Remember, we have left all our printed books behind us. Here there has been no mechanical aid, but all has been written out, painted, adorned, by the hand of man.

Let us dwell a moment upon the antiquity of these treasures; for these archives, of which not only Monte Cassino but the whole world of letters is proud, had for a founder St. Benedict himself, and have, therefore, existed more than thirteen hundred years. Every day these archives are open to the visitor or the scholar, although never to be entered with a lamp or at night. The care of them is confided to a first and second *Archivist*, and to these are given two assistants. Three vast rooms are devoted to these treasures, and the closets and drawers are lined with cypress wood to insure the safety of the parchments.

The commentary of Origen on the Epistles of St. Paul, translated by Rufin, is upon parchment of almost transparent thinness, and of exceeding whiteness, presenting a specimen of the "*fair writing*" of a time anterior even to St. Benedict. The Four Gospels of the time of Pope Zachery (741–52), is a small quarto, but remarkable for the beauty of the Latin *script*, the initial letters, and, above all, the miniatures which adorn the two first pages of each Gospel. Besides this, we see the beautiful missal of the Abbot Didier, in Lombard characters, very carefully formed, and with numerous initial letters colored and gilded with great taste. The Divine Comedy of Dante is also to be found here, a manuscript with marginal notes and interlined, written very soon after the death of the great poet, whose fame has not been uncared for by Monte Cassino. It is on the margin of a precious commentary on the Scriptures that we see the closely written notes of St. Thomas Aquinos, the angelical doctor, whose early years were spent in the Scholastic of Monte Cassino, and who even began his religious novitiate among its cloisters. But see! here is the signature of Pope Alexander II, of his cardinal-deacon Hildebrand, and of the Benedictine monk Peter Darnian (the two last destined to shine as saints of the order), on the document, declaring the solemn consecration of the church, as commemorated by the painting over its entrance; and here, too, are the twelve seals of the twelve bishops present on that occasion, each seal wrapped, as it hangs from the parchment, in its silk covers, faded with the air, but not the sun, of centuries. There, too, is the signature of the Countess Matilda, who stood nobly forth as the defender of the rights of the Holy See in the person of Hildebrand as Pope Gregory VII; and oh! how many others who were worthy to be numbered among the friends of God, and of his servant St. Benedict, and of his order, are represented among these carefully preserved records. The world has thrown its shaft of calumny at those who have preserved for us all these perishable records; have preserved them in spite of Lombards, of Saracens, of earthquakes, and last, and cruellest of all, because France had such a debt of gratitude to Monte Cassino, even in spite of the *French*.

The sun will not stand still, however, even at Monte Cassino, and we must leave treasures still unexplored, unguessed at, and follow our guides, who know how to divide our limited time wisely. While passing from corridor to corridor, from one story to another, by solemn flights of stone steps, we catch glimpses, more than once or twice, too, of fragments and bits of exquisite architecture belonging to the "old monastery" as it was before the earthquake of 1349. Some of these pillars are of the same style and proportions as those so much admired in the cloisters of St. Paul outside the wall, and of St. John Lateran, only enjoying a priority of date; showing that Monte Cassino took his steps in advance. None of these delightful surprises are we permitted to lose; and when we come down the stairway to the lower court, our steps are arrested before one of those large oval windows, so picturesque from the outside, and through which we now see the monastery gardens and arcades, with the ever beautiful well, all framed in like a picture by the deep embrasure. But our stairway leads, must we say it, to the threshold of the cloistral inclosure of Monte Cassino.

Playfully as we might take it, it was a serious thing, and a real pain shot through our hearts at leaving, as we knew we were leaving forever, these truly "sacred precincts." We even sat down on the stone steps for an instant, as "Father Prior" laughingly assured us that we "could not be forced from the inclosure until a certain time before sunset." We did not cross that threshold without giving a bead on our rosaries for each of our reverend guides, nor are we ashamed to own that we knelt and reverently kissed that holy threshold of the dear old monastery of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica on the summit of Monte Cassino.

There was still time before sunset to visit the Tower of St. Benedict, the veritable foundations of which, as they were in his time, and more than twenty feet thick, still exist. This room, once occupied by St. Benedict, has long been used for a chapel, and has been kept outside the cloister for the consolation of the traveller and the pilgrim. Its floor, of *opus Alexandrine*, is worn with the feet which have trodden it for centuries. Over the altar is a most touching picture of St. Benedict kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son, and pointing to Monte Cassino, as if imploring their protection upon it. Many a time must the religious of Monte Cassino have looked on this picture to feel their hopes revive under dire calamities and threatening destruction, but never more than at present could they have needed such inspiration to sustain their courage. It was standing on this spot, where St. Benedict had so often stood, where, indeed, he is said to have died, with arms outspread and standing on his feet, and with the summer sun streaming in through the small opening in that impregnable wall, which served as a window for the chapel, that we were allowed to gather as a little party of listeners, around the prior, and sympathize with him and his community in their hopes and fears for Monte Cassino. The history of that tower was full of consolation; it seemed like a corner-stone for our hopes.

Above this genuine relic of the first age of the Benedictine sanctuary is the picture gallery. We had first begun to measure the excellence of its treasures when a cloud, a storm-cloud, suddenly threw a deep shadow over everything, and we realized that we could not find shelter too soon in our own apartments. We sped through the cavernous arch, through the avenue of acacias, and were only within our own gate, when a veritable thunder-storm was ready for us on Monte Cassino; what we could not have dared to *ask* for cer-

tainly, but which came to round out the realization of all our dreams. In a moment we were shut out from a sight of all those mountain ranges as completely as if they had never existed, so dense were the mists, which broke to give us a view of the rain descending on the plains like long thin veils of spray, waving to and fro with the wind, while the sharp lightning and the reverberating thunder, prolonging, then repeating itself, gave us assurance that this was the very thunder-storm we had half wished to see and hear. We remembered, however, that the little sister of St. Thomas had been struck by lightning in that castle of Aquino, which we could not see on the other side of the mountain; struck and killed by the flash while St. Thomas was close beside her; therefore we asked for nothing grander or more appalling than the storm we had.

On our last morning at Monte Cassino we received Holy Communion from the high altar over the tomb of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and during the Mass of Father Boniface himself. This seemed to fill up the measure of graces which we had asked for on going to Monte Cassino; and it left all the deeper mark of gratitude on our hearts for remembering what Father Boniface had told us as we stood on the *Loggia dell Paradiso*, and looking at the convent of St. Scholastica below, which was this. When, several years ago, after the troubles began throughout Italy and at Monte Cassino, Father Boniface made a voyage to America as to his home, to ask aid in preserving Monte Cassino to the Benedictine Order and to the world, he promised to all who became benefactors to Monte Cassino, first to any sum however small, then to the amount of one dollar, that they should share in the benefits of the daily mass to be offered, through all time, over the tomb of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, for the *American benefactors of Monte Cassino!* This promise was made with the full consent of the right reverend abbot, and has been faithfully kept. "Ah," we could not help saying to ourselves, "Ah! how few perhaps of those who drew forth that single dollar, even less, can measure the returns which are every day being made to them from that sanctuary, so beautiful to the eyes of men, and certainly to the eyes of God and of his saints and angels!" And we resolved not to pen our humble tribute of admiration and devout respect for Monte Cassino without making known this fact.

"But the choir-books," some one exclaims; "is it possible you left Monte Cassino without seeing the choir-books?"

And we may exclaim, in reply, "Is it possible that you do not know Father Boniface well enough to know he would not allow us to do this thing?"

In fact, the choir-books, or as many of the *fifty-seven* as we could look over in a morning, were brought to us from the choir on our last morning; pondrous folios, each of which was as heavy as our pair of stout arms cared to lift; bound in strong hides, and nailed with nails whose heads were marvels of exquisite workmanship. There was no shirking of goldsmith's craft in that brass and bronze; and the clasps and corners and bands all the same. But the interior, that "beauty of the king's daughter which is within!" Missals, antiphonals, with the square notes of the Gregorian music page, filled in with magnificent print from the point of a monk's quill; initial letters which make one sigh with delight; designs of such beauty that we can see where a Correggio could have found a model for the Madonna of his *Notte*, so young, so fair, so exquisitely tender, is this Virgin Mary on the page of the old missal. Then, too, the borders on these wide margins—so wide that

even Bocaccio's wonderful eyes could not have seen where an inch had been stolen from them; what shall we say of these borders, where blue relieves blue, green relieves green, and yet these arabesques, so graceful, so multifarious in their designs, stand forth as if in bas relief rather than painting! Borders, too, in which heads, with all the sharpness of cameos in stone, are set as medallions; borders on which you see saints, saints of royal and of peasant birth, and dropping among them strings of pearls which you can take up, or gems which give forth a flash in the morning sun! Yet these are only borders, mind you; and here are initial letters in which the scales of the Christian fish and the palm of the martyr and his crown, and the very flowers which grow on the mountain-side, are given with so firm and delicate a touch that the colors seem to have flowed out at one stroke of the brush. Page after page of the fairest vellum, bearing these precious proofs of the Church's love for her matin and vesper song, and for the grand phrases of the Canon of the Mass. But among these we see what simply steps outside the ordinary laws of illumination, with a boldness which devotion alone could inspire. It is the Midnight Mass of Christmas, and we open two pages which might have come down from heaven when the angels sang: *Gloria in excelsio Deo!* The letters and the musical notes are all in gold, but gold upon a solid crimson ground; a rose-crimson in which yellow shines like gold through red; and yet as velvety as the petal of a rose in June. But the letters and the notes are not all; for here are initial letters and delicious pictures for that Christmas night which are in no way thrown into shade by this gorgeous crimson ground. And why, you do not know; for the artist seems to have gone on with perfect simplicity as if working on his crimson page under the most ordinary of all conditions. When these grand pages are opened under the strong light which the monks at Monte Cassino know how to pour upon an illuminated book at midnight, every monk knows them, as well as every ecclesiastic; and the celebrant knows he is singing the song of angels rather than of men from a celestial page.

And yet these books have been in daily use, according to their season, for more than three hundred years; for more than three hundred years have inspired the choristers at Monte Cassino to sing, in all their solemn sweetness, the canticles of the Spouse of Christ. Who else could thus have used, and at the same time have thus preserved such marvels of art and such proofs of devotion? Shame on those who, too indolent for research, repeat and re-echo the reckless calumnies of a novelist like Bocaccio, or the petty spitefulness of writers who, because forty thousand scrolls have been preserved for us, declare we should have fifty thousand; shame on those writers, whether Italian, or French, or English, or American, who thus return with ingratitude the patient custody of ages which the monks of Monte Cassino have given to their treasures; treasures which are really their own, not ours; treasures which are really their own, not any king's or emperor's; for are they not the work of their own hands, or have they not purchased them, as true patrons of true art are sure to purchase most generously? Let us, then, forever turn a deaf ear to the miserable carpings of those who never hear the name of Monte Cassino but to stab even while they are forced to honor her. Let us dare to frown down the sneer of the bigot, and let us prize as it deserves to be prized, the unrivalled sanctuary of Monte Cassino.

The hard-working monks at Monte Cassino are not to be envied by their brothers across the Atlantic

for the leisure they enjoy. The care of one hundred and forty students, many of them young boys, leaves but short leisure in the hands of the few who can now remain there. In addition to this, the many literary labors going on require consummate skill on the part of the artisans as well as learning on the part of their composers, which the fame of Monte Cassino, even among those who seem unconscious that such a fame does not come nor is preserved without labor, brings a great number of visitors to the monastery, who expect, and certainly receive, extraordinary attentions. We found, in fact, that we should be fully occupied if we followed the lead of the unsleeping prior. As soon as our dinner was over on the last day of our visit, Father Boniface was already waiting to accomplish two visits which had not been made; one to the organ, the other to the lower church. We had stipulated expressly, before coming to Monte Cassino, not only to see, but to hear the organ, which has hardly a rival in the world for the suavity and variety of its tones. Begun in 1656, it was finished only in 1696. Since then, many parts have been renewed, and it is still one of the many attractions of the mountain. Seating ourselves very near the entrance of the church, the sounds floated towards us and over us with a serenity only to be felt in that religious solitude above the very clouds. We did not ask what we should hear, but when it was over we said we had heard the story of Monte Cassino from its organ. Those wonderful stops, and reeds, and keys gave all the elevation of the spiritual life at Monte Cassino; all the grandeur of soul in its founder; all the brave tenderness of a Saint Scholastica; all the storms of the elements, even the trembling of the earthquakes by which it is still visited, and still more the storms from without of discordant human interests and the oppressions of the powerful. Yet, through all the pathos of that story, ran the sweetness of one flute-like stop, and *this* told how celestial was the hope which still cheers on the hardy religious of St. Benedict.

With this musical history in our ears, we descended to the lower church, literally hewn out of the solid rock. In this we find, perhaps, the most severely beautiful decorations of the entire basilica. Even the designs in the wood-carving of the chair, dating back to 1558, are equally perfect as those in the choir above, while following a more simple style of design. The cornice, in particular, has an almost Greek simplicity and perfection of forms. The picture of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica over the altar is the one preferred by the religious at Monte Cassino above all others. The other paintings, which are frescoes, are greatly damaged, as are also the stalls of the choir. The dampness of a subterranean chapel accounts for the first, the irreverent liberties taken by too many visitors for the second. The community had already in hand the complete restoration of this sanctuary, enriched by so many indulgences, where Tasso came to pray before going to Rome for the crown he received only in death, where so many weary souls have sought peace and found it, when the suppression of 1866 put an end, apparently, to all restorations. There is now, however, a hope that before the recurrence of the fourteenth centennial of the birth of St. Benedict, something may yet be accomplished towards its restoration. This centennial occurs in the year of our Lord 1880.

And now what did we take from Monte Cassino? A few flowerets that had bloomed on the tomb of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, a few harebells and sprigs of virgin's bower from the side of the mountain, a bit of African marble which held open a window on one

of those long corridors, for one who, if not a twin sister to the prior of Monte Cassino, is a sister not only by birth, but in the Order of St. Benedict, and who leads her troop of virgins in a convent of St. Scholastica in the New World, according to the spirit of her holy rule; a few sketches, too, of those mountain outlines, of that angel guarding the relics of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, and of the well in its ever young age. We took these, for they could be seen and touched; but how much more we took with us in the graces promised to devout pilgrims, eternity only can make known. With the blessing of the abbot and prior, and the promise of a remembrance at the altar over the shrine we had come to visit, we turned away from the fair court with its stately arcades and gardens, passed again through the cavernous arch, and mounted our donkeys on the very spot where St. Benedict had greeted prince and peasant who climbed those steps, and began our descent. One of the last words we heard from Father Boniface was: "Do not forget *Rocca Janula;* stop under the cypress tree and sketch it from there." We did not forget, but stopped long enough to get an outline of its citadel and straggling towers, and when we reached the station at San Germano, we had time to sketch Monte Cassino itself, perched like an eagle's nest, as we have said, on the very pinnacle of the mountain. With untiring eyes, we watched the last gleam of those walls as we sped on our way to Rome, and we still recall, with a joy not to be told, the grand outlines of those mountain summits, with their purple mists and the amber of the floating plains below; while, in all its severe and isolated beauty, rises before our mind's eye Monte Cassino and the shrine of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

FERNANDO COLUMBUS.

Had Fernando Columbus been the son of some other person than Christopher Columbus, his name and deeds would have descended to us with no small degree of prominence and commendation. But two circumstances have hitherto operated unfavorably to the history of his beautiful life being thus preserved. First, the transcendent glory of his father, which by its effulgence in no inconsiderable degree obscured his renown, as it did also that of his admirable mother, his brother, and his uncles. Second, the studied reticence or obstinate prejudices of a certain clique or school, which in some strange way until recently monopolized the history of Christopher Columbus and his family, and represented them, not such as they really were, but rather such as they themselves desired them to have been, paring down or remaining totally silent about the points of their character that would have been most conducive to their true glory, and the glory of that Church of which they were devoted children.

I here present, chiefly from the French of Count De Lorgues, a sketch of the very interesting biography of Don Fernando, one of the sufferers from the injustice referred to; not so much as being, perhaps, the best refutation of it that could be adduced, as to show the excellent and edifying character of this scion of the Columbus family.

Indeed, if for no other reason, he

would deserve honorable mention here for the admirable religious, or semi-religious society or congregation he instituted in Seville, and the memory of which ought to be preserved for succeeding generations.

Don Fernando was the issue of the marriage of Christopher Columbus with his second wife, Donna Beatrice Enriquez. Some historians, who were possessed of more credulity than judgment or critical acumen, have pretended that his parents were not married at all, and that therefore he was illegitimate; but this charge has been proved by De Lorgues to be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, an unmitigated calumny, and therefore we will not at present occupy ourselves with it.

At the age of eight years Don Fernando passed from the noble but poor mansion of the Enriquezes to the royal court, where the material bounty of Isabella placed him as a favored page, or rather a fondling, in the retinue of her only son, the Prince Royal. At thirteen, suddenly transported to the then unknown waste latitudes of the Atlantic, in the last expedition of his father, he there came to face the most terrifying perils, and to suffer the most cruel hardships that ever were endured by a mariner. It was by sufferings, fearful and extraordinary, that he served his apprenticeship in the trials of life. These rugged trials evolved and brought into play the precious qualities of his character. Fernando displayed a firmness of mind and courage unusual for his age. He tended and consoled his sick father with the most tender and respectful affection, and was not ashamed to bear a hand in manual labors like the lowest of the sailors.

From his early youth Fernando did honor to his illustrious name. In many respects his elevation of sentiment, his maturity of understanding, his modesty, and his charming conversational abilities, reminded one of his father. His particular aptitude for geographical and nautical science, and his ability and sagacity for observation, showed in no less degree his illustrious paternity. Still, notwithstanding these external advantages, after the death of his father, he consecrated himself wholly to his Creator and to science, or rather, real knowledge. He gave himself up to God in the flower of his youth, and like a chaste lily on the altar of the sanctuary, the sweet odor of his virtues was exhaled far and wide.

Understanding well that the happiness of being a son to the holy discoverer of the New World excelled all other human glories, and that he would always remain emerged in the glare of its effulgence, he thought only of imitating the sublime virtues of a father whose genius nobody could even hope to equal.

His noble qualities of head and heart, his vast erudition, and especially his knowledge of cosmography, drew on him the attention and esteem of the court—an esteem mingled with envy in the bureaus of marine. But Fernando solicited no favor, no personal distinction from the sovereigns, and even from the Church he would have no honor but that of being permitted to wear her livery, without, it is said, any pretensions to the priesthood.

When his brother, Don Diego, sailed for Hispaniola, Fernando, with his uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, followed him. King Ferdinand, before his departure, had recommended to the young viceroy to accord to Don Fernando, in his government, all that would be advantageous to him. It is not seen that Fernando accepted any post in his brother's government, but the young viceroy provided generously for his wants. The sojourn of Fernando in Hispaniola was a little less than two years, for in 1512 we find him in Italy. After having visited the natal city of his father, then Cogoleta and its

environs, and traversed the Plaisantin, he gratified his piety in going to Rome, where he arrived towards the close of that year. There his love for books and for *belles-lettres* conducted him to all the libraries and all the public corners, which were then held in the Eternal City.

Fernando recrossed anew the Atlantic, visited several countries of the New World, and returned to Europe subsequent to the death of his uncle, the Adelantado. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, appreciating his merit, wished to have him always by him. He induced him to accompany him in his voyages to Italy, to Flanders, and to Germany. It is probable that this monarch favored his tastes with a munificence truly royal, since with rather a limited income he accomplished several noble projects.

His love for contemplating the works of God induced him to traverse the whole of Europe, and to navigate the Mediterranean as far as Asia. In all probability he visited the holy places, which his pious father wished so ardently to free from the sway of Islamism. Afterwards he landed in some countries of Africa, and returned to Europe, having seen much of the world, and collected many books and manuscripts.

The Emperor Charles chose him as president of a commission of geographers and pilots, who were charged with correcting the errors which rendered dangerous the employment of the marine charts prepared under the superintendence of Amerigo Vespucci. Indeed, the celebrated navigator, Sebastian Cabot, regarded Don Fernando as the first cosmographer of his time. It is known that he thought of him during his voyages of exploration; and from the banks of the Rio de la Plata he besought the emperor not to put in execution certain articles in relation to pilots without the previous approval of Don Fernando Columbus.

He finally fixed his residence in Seville, where he was frequently called on new occasions of serving the crown and the interests of science. In the choice of this residence Fernando would seem to desire to revenge himself on Seville by a proceeding quite worthy of a son of his father; that father whom this slanderous city persecuted even beyond the tomb. He took his revenge in the following manner:

During his travels in Flanders he became intimate with some distinguished theologians and doctors of law. With these men of piety and erudition he concluded to form a free community, in which their mutual sympathies would hold the place of vows, and which would serve the Church at the same time that it would serve Spain in diffusing science and polite letters, and in giving to Seville, which until then had no celebrated school, a learned academy, a college for mathematics, and a richer library than was possessed by any other city in Spain. Here, indeed, was a noble Christian revenge, namely, rendering good for evil.

The strict principles of order and economy which he had learned from the example of his father, enabled Fernando to reserve funds to suffice for the enormous expenses of his projected institutions. The emperor authorized the establishment of his college for mathematics near the gate of Golo, in the place which is now occupied by the College of San Laureano. Don Fernando had now grouped around him several savants, the greater part of whom were ecclesiastics, not less eminent for their erudition than they were for their piety. The divine office, studies, and teaching occupied their time. Academical promenades, and discussions in walking in their shaded places, in the manner of the old peripatetics, were their only recreation. Desiring to bestow on Seville the advantages of pleasant shades and an abundant foliage, he caused five

thousand feet in length to be planted in trees, some disposed in straight lines and others according to other designs, in order to render study attractive, and to make even the very routes agreeable that led to the retreats or halls of his literary congregation.

His rank as son, as brother, and as uncle of the admiral of the Indies, and his high place in the favor of the emperor having constrained him to maintain a somewhat high degree of state, he was careful in choosing for the principal offices in his household men of piety and learning. We see that he had among his associates two Frenchmen who were doctors of law. One of these, who died amid all the affectionate care that could have been bestowed on him, was named Jean Antoine de Fonteret; the other, Désiré de Favahon. He had also as chief officers Vincent de Monte and Pedro de Arana, the latter a near relation of his on the maternal side. The principal conservator or keeper of his library was the bachelor Juan Perez, a namesake and probably a nephew of the Father Superior of La Rabida.

His annual expenditures, it seems, amounted to sixty-two ducats.

These circumstances show that Fernando could have attained high distinction in the world, in the church, or at court, if he had accepted the dignities which the emperor offered him. But in early life, considering the heritage of glory and sanctity that had been transmitted to him, he sought only to serve God in the first place, and afterwards his country in the most perfect and unexceptionable manner, and to secure to Spain a maritime superiority over and above that of any other nation.

Don Fernando devoted himself assiduously to letters. According to the inscription on his tomb, he composed a work in four books, the title of which is defaced on the monument, while the work itself is lost. This is much to be regretted, as the fragments of the inscription specify it to have contained, among a variety of other matters, historical, moral, and geographical notices of the countries he had visited, but especially of the New World, and of the voyages and discoveries of his father. Irving says this work is the corner-stone of the history of the American Continent.

He wrote also some other works which were never printed. Indeed, so regardless was he of celebrity, that he omitted publishing his writings, considering, no doubt, that he was sufficiently glorified by the illustriousness derived from his father. He did not even take care to have the short life of his father, which he left in manuscript, printed and published, although he had finished it five years before his death. Such was his humility in writing the life of this hero of the Gospel, of whom he justly glorifies himself of being a son, that he only once calls him his father. Even Alexander von Humboldt has remarked this very touching unobtrusiveness or humility.

The writers who suspect Fernando of having designedly created confusion in regard to the origin of his father, do not question his piety and complete renouncement of the world. If they had known the sincerity of his Christian self-denial, they would more naturally, from every consideration, have supposed that the Castilian pride of Don Luiz Columbus, a pure hidalgo, having from his mother royal blood in his veins, and being moreover a rather vain and somewhat dissipated character, had altered in the manner he wished divers passages of the manuscript of his uncle, before depositing it in the hands of the Genoese patrician, Fornari, in 1568; that is to say, thirty-four years after it was written, in order to leave thus in a vague incertitude the true country of Christopher Columbus, and consequently the origin of his own ancestors.

In withdrawing from the world, and from carnal affections, the powerful intellect with which he was endowed, in order to apply it chiefly to the study of science and the contemplation of the works of God in nature, Don Fernando had become master of almost all human sciences. He became a kind of living encyclopedia. By himself or by his colleagues he was in a way to become acquainted with and discuss *omni re scibile*, for he had with him linguists, doctors *in utroque*, astronomers, naturalists, physicists, geographers, theologians, and poets, versed in several sciences. The life he led of labor, of prayer, and of teaching, subjected to a cloistral regularity, diffusing instruction which was profitable to the hearts of youth in elevating them to God, had secret attractions and sweetness for him in his fatigues and apparently monotonous labors.

He founded, under the name of a Mathematical College, a true Imperial Academy of Sciences, to excite emulation in the study of the higher sciences. He wrote, as already mentioned, a work in four volumes, containing a summary account of his own voyages and those of his father. This work, which was his chief one, has in its turn shared the fate of his other writings. It has been lost; and even the very title of it, formerly preserved in the inscription on his tomb, has now become totally illegible. The indifference of Don Fernando about personal glory prevented him from publishing this account of his observations.

He had learned from his father the art of employing his time well; knew its inestimable value. His life was that of a man whom death cannot take by surprise, or who will not die empty-handed as regards good works. While he devoted himself to the diffusion of science for the love of Christ, he felt the first symptoms of his constitution being about to give way, and from the first foresaw the gravity and danger of his disease without being troubled at the consequences. Although he was only in his fifty-first year, and exteriorly possessed a vigor proportioned to his tall stature, still the signs of decrepitude had come upon him. Whoever complies not with the law of his organization or nature must bear the penalty of its infraction. The maturity of Don Fernando commenced at the ordinary age of youth. Since his thirteenth year his voyages, his fatigues, his watchings, his continual observations, the prolonged exercise of all his faculties, had impaired his organization. And suddenly, in the tranquillity of his peaceful occupations, he felt himself stricken in the very sources of life. With the courage of which he had given proof while yet a mere youth, as soon as he recognized his danger, he thanked God for having deigned to apprise him of his approaching end.

Fifty days before his demise he knew that, in the words of an old author, he "was about to die with all his science," and apprised the companions of his Christian solitude that he had but a short time to remain with them. He raised their courage, prepared them for the event, consoled them, and exclaimed with the Psalmist: *Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum domini ibimus* — I rejoiced in the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord. As in former times, a grand family repast solemnized espousals, Don Fernando would celebrate with a feast his espousal with death, or rather with eternal life. He had a banquet prepared of thirty-three dishes, to which he invited thirty-three poor persons, whom, as members of Jesus Christ, he served with his own hands. When from exhaustion his voice failed, his example still continued to edify his companions.

He forbid that any one should go into mourning at his death, consid-

ering that it was more proper to rejoice. He left his rich library to his nephew, Don Luiz Columbus, the admiral of the Indies, who retained it for five years, until it was transferred or transported to the convent of St. Paul, under certain conditions.

Fernando did not forget the poor, or the churches, or, particularly, the convent of the Franciscans of the Observance at Rome, to which he bequeathed for saying masses a larger sum than he did to all the other monasteries together, for like his father, he had a particular affection for the Seraphic order.

The son of Columbus having never failed in elevating his heart and his soul to God, was like his sainted father delivered from the terrors of the fearful moment of death. He desired so ardently to possess his Creator in eternal life, that he ordered that on the day of his obsequies a mass should be celebrated in honor of the holy angels, with white ornaments, to express his joy, and thank God for having given him permission to quit so soon the vile prison of this world.

When the fatal hour arrived death found him prepared. His intellectual faculties continued unclouded to the last. In his agony he raised up his hands, exclaiming aloud, "*Te Deum laudamus*," when forthwith his pure soul took its flight to heaven. This occurred on the 12th of July, 1539. His obsequies were celebrated with such pomp that it was afterwards impossible to surpass it in the funerals of princes, or even in that of the empress.

In contemplating the life so pure of Fernando Columbus, and the career of his brother Diego; in recalling their two uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, and seeing that each of these men, already great by himself, becomes still greater by his trials, and preserves a remarkable individuality, notwithstanding his proximity to the discoverer of the New World, presenting the example of the highest virtues, one experiences a feeling which is in no small degree edifying. Vainly, indeed, would we seek for the like elsewhere. History presents no other instance of such a patrimony of virtue, so faithfully preserved and so happily transmitted. Whoever reflects with attention will be no less struck with the privilege of moral superiority accorded to this family, than with the notably providential character of Christopher Columbus. Truly a heavenly benediction seems to have descended on the noble offspring of the Genoese woolcomber. The heroism of his race eclipses human virtues. His descendants present us, with wonderful sublimity, rare and constant instances of grandeur. Christopher Columbus, that glorious luminary, in disappearing from earth, leaves behind him, as luminous traces, the example of his brothers and the excellence of his sons. When we try to penetrate beyond appearances, to seize at its origin the cause of this sort of predestination, the difficulty vanishes. We see the source of these mysterious favors ascend to Mulcerito Street, in the city of Genoa, as a recompense, in the persons of his children, of a just man, who served God with his whole heart. In contemplating the tableau of this truly Christian family, it becomes almost impossible not to feel moved as at the aspect of undoubted sanctity, and not to recognize in these marvels of grace the accomplishment of the words of Holy Writ, declaring the beatitude of the righteous: *Generatio rutorum, benedicetur.*

New Haven, Ky., Sept. 1876.

THE POISONED CHALICE.

A LEGEND OF SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND, APOSTLE OF PANAMA.

I HEARD, from ancient pages, rife
With holy legends, rich and quaint,
This story, from a hero life,
That knew nor guile, nor worldly taint.
A hero? aye! as brave and grand
As e'er this world of combat trod.
A wonder in a wondrous band,
A star amid the knights of God!
And yet—no clanging mail he wore—
No haughty plume adorned his crest,
That dauntless arm no buckler bore,
No lance victorious laid in rest.
A woollen robe of purest white,
A simple cross in steadfast hand,
This was his armor for the fight,
His magic shield, his mighty brand.
He conquered? aye! yet not by blood,
From gaping wound of prostate foe;
No crimson sea, no fatal flood
Swept o'er his path in ceaseless flow.
His strife was won by holy art,
By potent prayer his triumph gained;
His battle-field the savage heart,
In Pagan bondage foully chained.
He marched, undaunted, o'er the wild,
Through tropic rain, and torrid heat,
To bless the forest's roving child
With tidings of salvation sweet.
Ah! wildly wailed the demon foe
His dark defeat, his utter loss,
And planned to crush, with fiendish blow,
The conquering Soldier of the Cross.
He filled with hate a human soul,
He wove his wiles with malice fraught;
And by that Tempter's dread control,
A matchless sacrilege was wrought.
Within the Sacramental Cup
Was poured, one morn, a poisoned draught,
That e'en in Life, there offered up,
Death, agonizing, might be quaffed!
But when the Saint's anointed hand
Made there the consecrating sign,
When, at his servant's blest command,
To Earth descended Love Divine,
Afar the baffled demon fled,
For swiftly, from that mystic Flood,
A writhing serpent darkly sped,
And left unharmed the Sacred Blood.
O blessed Louis! bid us learn
Sweet lesson from thy legend fair,
That from our life-cup we may spurn
The venom death and demon snare.

BY A LEAP.

Chapter I.

"TRUE OF HEART."

A SMALL, old-fashioned cottage where a woman sits working in the porch.

A tiny cottage, in a garden stocked only with fruit and vegetables, save for the hardy creepers clinging to the porch. But then their blossoms gleam as white and pure as any rare exotics, and the dark leaves move softly in the fairy light, as the breeze nestles there, after its flight across the heath from that far line of brilliancy which, though but a ribbon's width, is the broad sea flashing in the sun. A slight, pale woman, wearing a widow's cap upon her smooth brown hair, but with such a look of love and longing on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and isolated as the cottage may be, it is a home of love and peace; and plain and quiet as the countrywoman looks, she has a wealth of warm affection in her heart.

As she sits there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dreams which have cheered her through her ten years of widowhood—bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only son—and she is glancing backward, too, over her own life, wondering a little, just a little, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she, who has not spent one night of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been schoolmaster. Is it to be always so? A steadfast light comes into her eyes, and her quiet lips break into a smile, made beautiful by proud and loving trust—"That shall be left to Davy," she says, uttering softly the one name which now means all the world to her. "His choice will be my choice."

From the porch where Mary sits she can catch a glimpse through the trees, of the road along which the stage-coach daily passes. This spot she is watching eagerly, and when the four horses come within sight at last, she drops her knitting and rises. Nervously drawing her hand across her strained, glad eyes, she turns and enters the cottage, as if she dare not wait those few minutes which will bring the coach into sight again close to the garden-gate.

Tea is laid for two in the pleasant little kitchen, and the table—though it bears upon its snowy cloth no luxuries beyond home-made cakes and fresh-laid eggs—has quite a festive look. The mother stands and gazes round her with a smile. Is there nothing more that she can bring for Davy? Her hands are clasped together, and her breath is quickening, for she knows that any moment now her boy may rush in, past that line of sunshine at the open door. But she does not know how intently she is listening for his footstep upon the gravel, nor how her face brightens when he comes in at last.

"Mother!"

"Oh, Davy, Davy!"

The greeting bursts from the hearts of both, in that first moment; then the boy's lips are clinging to his mother's, and her arms hold him in that *entire* love which a widowed mother so often lavishes upon an only son.

The meal, which she has prepared with loving hands, is over; and the mother and her boy sit together in their favorite corner of the porch, while the sun sets far away across the sea.

"Four whole weeks of idleness, and of home and you, mother," David says. "It seems too good to be true."

"But you like school, Davy?" Mrs. Sullivan asks, wistfully. "You are happy there?"

"Happy? oh, yes; and getting on capitally. Of course I try to do that, mother, as grandfather urged it so when he condescended to put me to his school. Perhaps he will help me a little even when the five years are over. I will soon rise, if he gives me a start after this promised school term."

"And if he does not, this education is a great help, Davy. You will be seventeen when you leave the college, and clever, and able to do anything."

"Anything, everything, mother," asserts the boy, softly drawing her arm about his neck, "I shall be a man, and you shall never want anything again. You shall have a large house and garden, and I shall come home to you every evening from my office—where I shall earn the money, you know. It must be near London, because men don't get rich except in London, I expect. Shall you like it, mother?"

"You have made up your mind to be rich, Davy?"

"Only," the boy answers, his eyes upon his mother's face, "only just rich enough to make you comfortable and happy, mother; that *you* may never have to work—as you work now, or deny yourself—as you deny yourself now. You have so little, mother, to make your life easy and bright."

"Little!" she cries through her happy tears. "Little! when I have you, Davy?"

"We both have all we need, dear mother," the boy says, laying his curly head upon her shoulder. "I would not change homes with the richest boy in all our college (though *he* would laugh at the notion); but still, I mean to give you more. I am making the most of my time."

"And what do the masters say of you, Davy?"

"That I am the best arithmetician in the school," the boy says, laughing; "and best (for my age) in one or two other things. But, mother, I beat every fellow—older or younger—hollow at gymnastics."

"What are *they?*" asks Mary, wondering. But though David explains at length, her idea of the sciences is only a little less vague when he finishes than it had been when he began.

"We have a splendid gymnasium at school, and you should see me. There's not a fellow who can come anywhere near me. And I have a prize to show you, mother—not for that," he adds, with a laugh at her surprise, "but for accounts. I won it to please grandfather, because, after all, he was very good to put me to school, though he will not personally notice either of us. It is almost like giving me a fortune, isn't it? and therefore better than if he asked me to his house, although that would show he had forgiven my father for—settling here."

"Almost a fortune—yes," she answers, gravely stroking his brown curls. "But try to think less of being rich than of being good and true-hearted, my own child."

"I do, mother," he says earnestly, "only I *talk* more of the one. And when I think things over, mother, I feel quite sure that a man's *occupation* need make no difference. My father had nothing harder to battle with than the ignorance of a lot of boys who, after all, loved him, and tried to please him; but I *may* be just as good a man battling with the world—which seems so far from us, and so unreal to us yet—as he was in this dear little quiet nook. Don't you feel this, mother?"

Yes, she feels it. Small as her knowledge is, she knows of one who walked unspotted through the world; and poor as she may be, she is rich in her trust in him.

The sunset light is dying now, and the mother and son sit watching it, in a silence which is sweet with love

and sympathy—and when those fair, pink clouds fade and vanish from above the sea, they rise and go into the cottage together.

Chapter II.

"For her dear sake."

That first vacation of David's has passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she has so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; another bright home-coming (in the frosty Christmas darkness now); another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyer yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I am ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune, hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school-days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to anything until the postman has come up the garden path, and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send; the letter (full of love and bravery and hope) which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office; employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is much smaller than he had anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and *then* I will come for you. Ah! mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day-dreams, in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide, calm city, where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skilfully the machinery of the world.

But the time goes on, and David only earns what he has earned at first. "And so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the home with you is still out of my reach, for poverty *here*, mother, would be to you a hundred times worse than poverty at home."

When he has been absent for a year he comes home to spend his birthday with his mother; a summer day which they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn

which she has heard in church that day. When she starts up—her face, in that moment of surprise, white as death—David sees how little able she is to bear any shock where he is concerned. But her delight, one minute afterward, makes up for all, and that Sunday night is one which both will love to remember.

"Can you not stay one day?" the mother pleads. "Must you really go back to-morrow, Davy?"

"To-day, you mean mother. Look, we have chatted till after midnight already. Never mind, we have four whole hours more, thanks to the new railway. Don't go to bed, mother; I cannot spare you for that time."

She has never thought of leaving him; so beside the cheerful fire they sit and talk; first of the lives which they have separately led, and then of that life which they are presently to lead together—for David has come home on purpose to bring joyful tidings. The long-talked of home will be ready soon, for he is earning a high salary now, and all the old bright plans are to be carried out.

"But, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says, when she rises at last to prepare the early breakfast, "how *very* hard you must be working, only to be spared for one day, after a whole twelve months of service!"

"I could have had one holiday between," he answers, "but I would not take it. It was wiser not, mother, as this is an expensive journey, even now that we have the railway."

"And you have been sending *me* your money, David."

"But I am earning so much now," the young man says, with a bright excitement in his eyes.

"And are you happy, David?"

"Very happy, mother—thinking how soon everything will be as I planned it long ago."

"But for yourself alone, are you happy, dear!" she asks wistfully.

"I! Oh yes, mother, quite happy."

Another good-by—"But the last," David says, as again and again he kisses his mother's shaking lips.

Chapter III.

"Ah, poor humanity!"

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before arrives a letter which tells her that he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he cannot get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end—"Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that very hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which comes to her at that moment as so *natural* a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village post-office when the plan suggests itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quick in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat in the porch, and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be lonely on his birthday. How can she better use his gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he cannot expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he cannot come to *her*, she will go to *him*. Ah! how his

face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! That moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparations at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and eggs and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all; for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet rises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can really be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—she, a traveller, starting alone to a far-off city, of which she knows nothing.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow-passenger tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wistful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is, and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon Street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan."

Cross to Metropolitan! The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? is there a river, then, between her and David?

Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he inquires kindly.

"To Farringdon Street. I am to cross something, but I could not understand. I'm sorry to be so troublesome."

"You'd far better have a cab," the man says, in a tone of involuntary kindliness. "Do you mind the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change," she answers, looking gratefully into his face. "Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiting cabs and makes a bargain with the man in her presence; then he closes the door upon her and smiles as she drives away.

And this is London—this line of streets, and crowd of people, and deafening sound of wheels! Poor Davy! How he must long for the quiet, shady lanes and the fresh breeze coming inland from the sea!

The cab stops, and Mary Sullivan stands with beating heart at the door of a tall, narrow house in Farringdon Street and rings the bell faintly. She waits what she thinks a long, long time before a young woman appears in answer to her modest summons.

"Will you tell me, if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly. "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest?"

"Thank you," David's mother says gently, as she meets this unlooked-for blow, "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's forever going out into the country somewhere north, where he's got a house he's been furnishing. I don't know where else he goes, but he's always away at night."

"He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in its eagerness as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly, "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A younger foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks the question:

"Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?"

"Monsieur Sulli—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little as he glances into the face of the country-bred, yet delicate-looking woman, who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. Yes, I know; why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you not better wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him, if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of, then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there, just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary follows her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way could lead to any home which David has chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting *must* be now so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door, then he leads her through it, on amid a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with simple earnestness, then takes the seat and waits; her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so very, very far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage rooms. What thousand of faces are gathered here—all looking one way too, all looking at that door which she had been bidden to watch. Are they waiting for David, too.

Suddenly a band begins to play; and—puzzled more and more—Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and this great lofty room, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here?

A prompt, tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd; and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the centre of the building, a man (who must have

passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with the speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing? Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder? Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly thus, to win a moment's applause? Ah, to think of *this* man's life, and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from a lofty ceiling, and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

* * * * * *

It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumored, ironically and discontentedly—to office work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb, with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame.

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat which no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and, passing *through* this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended *so*, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity, if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli shall still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success! The shout of applause, which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling, testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits, white, and still, and *dead*.

TO AUBREY DE VERE.

(SONNET.)

As one who, breathing on a lower ledge,
Hears the clear voice of some tried mountaineer,
"Toil upwards through the lower fogs! For here
The air is pure, and all Earth's azure edge
With Heaven is mingling!" Even so, De Vere,
Thy words to me! Of thy *Patriciad*
All Eire, and other lands, will yet be glad,
And with the Saint his Poet to revere.
When Time has winnowed with his heavy wing
The grain so mixed with chaff and poison-weed,
Men will perceive and prize the precious seed,
Which they—too often weeping as they fling
Their pearls near swine—cast as a holy deed,
Who for base ends would never dare to sing.

THE RELIGION OF ROME AT THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

One of the commonplaces of skeptics, and indeed of all who do not recognize the true character of the religion of Christ, is the oft-repeated assertion that he introduced into the world no doctrines unknown before, but simply gathered into one the various tenets of pre-existing systems, which by reason of their inherent excellence had, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, outlived the set of opinions with which they had been associated, or else had gradually advanced, by the law of natural development, to a perfection which insured for them a permanent vitality. Thus Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch discovers in the Talmud all that is supposed to be characteristic of Christian teaching; Mr. Matthew Arnold grows enthusiastic over the perfect beauty of the poetic morality of Sophocles, and challenges St. Paul or St. Francis to produce anything which will surpass it. Another Oxford professor used to assure his pupils that the list of heathen virtues put forward in Aristotle's Ethics is quite as complete as the virtues of Christianity, while some Oriental scholars recognize in the incarnation of Vishnu a perfect anticipation of the Incarnation of the Son of God. And, lastly, the pure morality of Antoninus Pius is put forward as a fair rival to the morality of the Gospel; and we are assured that the Christian system was but the outgrowth of the "world spirit," developing itself in the course of ages, and naturally assuming its most perfect form in the great centre of Western civilization, first of all in the transient phase of the heathen piety of some of the early Roman emperors, and afterwards in the more permanent type which was introduced by Christianity.

These attempts to undermine the teaching of Christ, or at least to rob it of its supernatural character, are the more dangerous because they are but the perversion of an undoubted truth. It is quite undeniable that the precious germs of Christian doctrine were to be found scattered here and there, at least in an imperfect and undeveloped form, throughout the Jewish and heathen world. This we willingly concede to our opponents; we allow that the Oriental and Greek myths, the writings of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, and Aristotle, the heathen religions of Brahmins, Greeks, and Romans, contained, each and all, anticipations of what is regarded as a part of the Christian revelation. We admit—nay more, we vigorously assert—that the Jewish religion was in all its details a type and shadow of the more perfect religion, which was destined at the same time to complete and abolish it. But yet the point on which we join issue is no less an essential one. For while our adversaries maintain a continual progress in the religion and morality of the world, wherever circumstances were such as to foster progress, while they apply their law of development to the moral as well as the physical world, we, on the contrary, deny altogether this law of a gradual advance towards perfection, and assert that the tendency is to fall back and not to go forward, to become less perfect and not more perfect, weaker and not stronger, to decay and corrupt, and not to bud forth with a healthy and vigorous life. For we account for these anticipations of Christianity on a theory quite different from theirs. We assert a primitive revelation made by God to man, containing, at least in an implicit

and undeveloped form, the doctrines of the religion of our Lord, with its perfect morality, and the essential beauty of its divine teaching. We further assert that this primitive revelation was handed down by tradition through the long line of patriarchs; that for many hundred years after it was first given it was preserved with jealous care and passed on from father to son as a sacred deposit; but that as time went on and vice multiplied on the earth, the divine tradition came to be more and more carelessly handled and mixed with human traditions and with the corrupt inventions of a corrupted age; and thus it became gradually obscured, until at last it almost disappeared, or at all events the divine element was scarcely recognizable, overlaid as it was with fable and legend, sometimes childish, sometimes impure, and always tending to substitute superstition for religion, external observance for the inner worship of the heart. For in the ancient world the theory of religious progress is utterly untenable—unless indeed we maintain with the Positivist school, that the intermediate stages of development often exhibit a far worse aspect than those which preceded them, and are valuable merely as a necessary introduction of the higher and more perfect stage which is to follow, and that an imaginary and ideal future is to condone the miseries of the present. For in Paganism, from first to last, there is no general amelioration of the spiritual condition of mankind; but, on the other hand, a continually retrograde movement. The external, material civilization of Greece, Rome, Assyria, the still more wonderful intellectual perfection of the ages of Pericles and Cæsar, not only were compatible with a hideous and an ever-advancing moral corruption, but actually paved the way for it by the utter forgetfulness of God in any shape or form, the eager striving after new forms of sensual pleasure, the skepticism, the intellectual pride, the self-sufficient complacency, which is the certain outcome of civilization without God. And thus, although here and there the "fragments of Paradise," the relics of a better and happier age, forced their way upwards through the superincumbent mass of human corruption; though the law of hereditary reversion, true in the moral as in the material sphere, raised up a poet or a sage filled with the instincts of his simpler and more religious forefathers; though intellectual progress produced from time to time a philosopher, who like Aristotle and Plato, leaves men doubtful whether he were inspired or no, yet poet, sage, philosopher, had no power to stem the current of decay or to preach an effective crusade against the vices of his day. What did Socrates do towards the reformation of Athens? or Cato to stay the moral degradation of Rome? They forfeited their lives, each in his own way, in the cause of truth and of justice; but their self-martyrdom earned for them no subsequent victory, and they left behind them no disciples who could carry on the work they had so bravely but fruitlessly begun.

But we must confine ourselves at present to Rome, and to the religion of Rome. If the theory we have stated above be correct, we shall find a more sincere religious spirit in Rome's early days than in the time of the later republic and the first emperors. At the same time there was a certain ebb and flow which it is interesting to observe, and in the time of Augustus a religious reformation was attempted which seems at first to contradict the law of decay. Christianity on its appearance in Rome had to encounter, not the universal skepticism and indifference which fell upon Athens in her later days, but a very active and general attachment to the ancient religion. The population of Rome was on the whole a religious population; and if

their religious beliefs were compatible with an utterly corrupt morality, and in the more cultivated minds were only the external veil of a practical skepticism, yet it is none the less true that in the time of the early emperors, religion retained a firm hold on the minds of the people, and in its character of a political institution was more vigorous than it had been under the later republic.

The religion of a nation is always to a great extent the outcome of national character; and national character is an inheritance from a nation's forefathers, with such modifications as climate, soil, and other external influences have gradually brought about. Let us apply this principle to the religion of Rome. In the Roman population (and we include in this not only the inhabitants of the city itself, but of all the country around it which at an early period fell under its sway) there were three leading elements — the Sabine, the Etruscan, and the Latin. The type of character belonging to the Sabines had all the simplicity of primitive times; they were simple, honest, straightforward, naturally just and virtuous. The Etruscans were very different, they were gloomy and superstitious, given to occult rites and to the hideous practice of human sacrifice. And lastly the Latins, sprung from common ancestors with the Greeks, corresponded very closely to the Greeks in character, and form the tie which binds together the nationalities of Greece and Rome. Hence the Roman religion contains three different elements, corresponding to the leading elements in the population. It derives from the Sabines a strong, manly, vigorous sense of duty, a high principle and sense of honor; and it was this mixture of self-respect and reverence to the gods which constituted the main strength of the Roman character. The Etruscan influence was perhaps more external than internal; it imposed on the worship of the city a minute observance of ritual, an exact compliance with every detail and every rubric prescribed by tradition or by the written records of the Pontifices. Its tendency was to impress on the Roman mind a strong conviction of the mysterious and awful nature of religion; it removed the gods very far off, and was the very reverse of anthropomorphic, investing its deities with the prestige attaching to occult powers rather than to living persons. But here it was modified and kept in check by the Latin element, which shared to some extent the realistic character of the religion of the Greeks, clothing the gods with a sort of human personality, and so preventing them from fading away into mere empty abstractions, which would never have had any permanent hold on the practical Roman mind.

Out of these three elements there grew up a religion admirably suited to the genius of the Roman people, and one too which, in spite of all its defects, paved the way for the introduction of Christianity, and educated Rome for its future *rôle* as the metropolis of the Christian world. For the religion of ancient Rome familiarized the whole of the Roman Empire with certain ideas and habits of thought which the Church of Christ was able to turn to her own advantage, just as she turned the Pantheon into a temple of the true God. And whatever changes took place during the seven centuries and a half which preceded the Christian era, yet they did not blot out or even obscure the distinctive and permanent features which were ingrained on the religious mind of Rome, even though the temples were at one time well-nigh deserted, and the corrupting influence of Greek civilization had eaten out the heart of the old Roman morality.

When we compare together the divinities of Greece and Rome, we notice that they seem to have been

created by an almost opposite process. The gods of Greece were magnified men: the earliest legends and primitive traditions represented them as full of human failings and human vices. The democratic spirit imbedded in the Greek mind led them to choose their gods from among themselves, and to transfer them in their concrete form to Olympus. The philosophers of the classical age of Greece inveigh with just indignation against the immoralities of the Court of Heaven, and would eliminate from the ideal Republic all the coarse stories and sensuous myths which Homer and Hesoid had handed down. It was impossible that such gods as Kronos, the devourer of his own children, or Ares the adulterer, or Hermes the thief, should maintain their ground against the skeptical spirit of the age of Pericles; and so the religion of Greece gradually gave place to a complete skepticism.

But the Roman gods were created by a very different process. The Romans followed the normal path by which man arrives at a knowledge of God. From the physical world around them, from the things which are seen, they mounted up to the invisible. Their gods were abstractions from the things of sense, invested with the personality of which every living man is conscious in himself. They saw God in everything, and though their conceptions were imperfect and mixed with manifold error, yet they were not so very far astray. For the religion of Rome, though on the surface a polytheism, contained within itself a central idea of one Supreme Being. St. Augustine somewhere remarks that every god in Rome was merely Jupiter Optimus Maximus under another form, and the remark is a most just one. The very name for the Roman deities, *numina*, manifestations of God, proves its truth. The wonderful facility which the Roman religion possessed of indefinitely multiplying the number of its gods, is an evidence of an half-unconscious belief in one Supreme Being, showing himself under various forms. When the Roman sacrificed to Salus, Janus, Vertumnus, he was but sacrificing to the same god as guardian of his personal safety, and as the patron of the opening and the changing year. When we find a hundred different places, each with its own Jupiter, it is not that the Roman believed a fresh god to have sprung into existence for each, but that the same Jupiter made each and all in a special sense his home. When every little event of human life claims a deity of its own, it is not that the Roman invested each with a distinct personality of its own, but that each represented to him some particular aspect under which an all-pervading Providence manifested itself. Vaticanus and Fabulinus, the gods of an infant's first cry and earliest spoken word; Iterduca and Domiduca, who led him out from his home and brought him safely back, had not in the mind of an educated Roman any individual existence of their own. Pavor, Fames, and Robiga, were not so much malicious sprites as manifestations of the wrath of an offended God.

From this vague, abstract, uncertain character which clung to all the lesser deities of Rome, there arose another most important feature in Roman religion—its wonderful versatility. It was essentially a tolerant religion. When it came into contact with foreign creeds, it not only made no attempt to weaken or destroy them, but welcomed them into its friendly bosom and made overtures of union and alliance. The policy of Rome in dealing with the religion of conquered tribes and nations, exhibited the same wise forbearance that she showed towards their political institutions. Instead of treating their deities with contempt, or enforcing on them the forms of Roman worship, she recog-

nized their gods as virtually identical with her own. She assured them, and with a certain amount of truth, that the difference was but a normal one, and the vanquished nations were by no means averse to the idea that the gods of their mighty conqueror were no hostile deities, but the same which they and their ancestors had for ages been accustomed to adore. And their pride was still further flattered when into the Roman Pantheon one of their favorite gods was introduced, so that in Rome itself they could worship after their own fashion the familiar deity. In this way the Roman religion, by its policy of compromise and assimilation, became a sort of universal religion for the whole of the Roman Empire, and though its catholicity was based on a principle diametrically opposed to the catholicity of the Christian Church, yet none the less did it prepare the way for it and familiarize mankind with the idea that Rome was the centre from which was to proceed a religion suited to every nation on the face of the earth, and adapting itself to the varied wants of men who in their character, their political institutions, and their moral and social development, were utterly and wholly different from each other.

We do not point to this versatility in the religion of ancient Rome as in any way calling for our admiration, or regard such negative catholicity as an element of strength. On the contrary, it arose from a cause which must be a fruitful source of weakness to any religion, and sooner or later must lead to gradual decay and dissolution. For it was the complete absence of dogma which enabled ancient Rome to assimilate each foreign creed: it was because it imposed no positive creed upon its worshippers that it could adapt itself to all. A sort of floating belief in Jupiter Optimus Maximus, under his own or any other name, was the sum and substance of its rule of faith. All else was free to be accepted or left alone, as long as outward reverence and decorum was observed. This liberalism is necessarily inherent in every religion which, like the religion of Rome, is one of compromise and mutual concession. There are conflicting elements to be reconciled, and the reconciliation can only be effected by eliminating what is specially distinctive in each. . . . . So it was with the religion of Rome. The conflicting creeds which it welcomed to its bosom gradually drained it of its early vitality, and destroyed its hold over the minds of men.

But even in its first beginnings it was essentially a religion of outward observance and elaborate ritual, of sacrifices and ceremonies, and clung to the letter of the law, caring little about the spirit. Every minute detail prescribed in the formularies of the Pontifices was enforced with the most rigorous precision; the least deviation in form in any request offered to the gods rendered it null and void. It was the duty of the Pontifices to watch each act of solemn worship with scrupulous care, and to guard against the smallest transgression of the appointed ritual. There were certain set phrases to be employed, and the Roman was assisted in prayer by a priest, who dictated to him the words to be used, and instructed him in the attitude which was indispensable, if his prayer were to be heard. Sometimes, if the occasion were one of exceptional solemnity, two priests stood by his side: one repeating the words, the other following in the book of ritual to see that nothing was changed, omitted, or mispronounced. All important public undertakings had to be sanctioned by a solemn act of religious observance. Before the Consul proceeded to his province, before war could be commenced, or battle joined, the augurs marked out their "templum," and from that sacred spot watched, with most careful attention to the appointed ritual,

for the auspices which were to guide the representatives of the State in their political or military action. The prohibition of servile work on holydays was almost as scrupulously and exactly defined as that which related to the Jewish Sabbath, except that the Roman law was far more pliable when it came to practice. No religious scruple, says Virgil, need hinder the farmer on festal-days from making a hedge to prevent his sheep from going astray, or for twisting snares for bird or beast, or from washing his flock in the healthful stream. Every public and private act at Rome was curiously intermingled with a superstitious undefined dread of the invisible. A Roman saw in every portent of nature a sign of the wrath of some offended deity, he knew not whom; and the whole city joined in an elaborate *supplicatio*, or triduum of intercession, to avert the impending misfortunes which were from time to time announced by the report of a shower of stones from heaven in place of rain, or of a human voice heard from the mouth of an ox, or of a clap of thunder re-echoing through a cloudless sky. In his private undertakings the same spirit of dread haunted him. If he met with some inauspicious omen as he crossed the threshold of his house, he turned back from his intended journey. The public games were instantly stopped if a charioteer happened to drop his reins. The general who was on the point of attacking the enemy, did not venture to go forward if the pullarius, or keeper of the sacred chickens, reported unfavorably of their eagerness in devouring the food set before them. Such minute and detailed regulations must have been sometimes exceedingly galling to the practical common sense of the Roman, and in point of fact he found means of evading them which do more credit to his ingenuity than to the sincerity of his religious spirit. If he wished to avoid the consequences of encountering some bird of evil omen, he drew close the curtains of his litter, and so shut out the dreaded sight. The general was quite content if the official report of the pullarius was favorable, even though he knew that it was false. If the ritual ordered the sacrifice of some animal that was rare or difficult to obtain, a little waxen image of it was made and offered, and this was regarded as completely satisfying the obligation. Thus the Roman gods were as facile as they were vague and abstract; and as long as the form was observed, were supposed to care but little about its reality.

It is unnecessary to point out that such a religion could not be permanent: ritual cannot hold its own unless it be the outward expression of some earnest inward conviction. External observances are sure ere long to fall into disuse when there is no longer any sincere belief in the existence of the unseen beings whom they are intended to propitiate: they become a mere mockery and mummery, and only discredit the religion of which they form a part.

This was the case in Rome: the unreality of Roman worship made it an easy prey to skepticism. But at the same time the elaborate ritual of the religion of ancient Rome did good service to Christianity. For in the Catholic Church there was the same minute ceremonial, the same careful cultivation of external forms which had in the course of centuries made itself a part of the Roman nature—only with this difference, that in the exploded superstitions of the past the ritual had been arbitrary and unmeaning, dependent on the traditions of the Pontifices and unconnected with any act of interior homage; whereas in Christianity every little rubric, every gesture, every motion had its own distinct meaning, and was a symbol of some underlying truth. Thus the Catholic Church was able to take up into itself and turn to good account

the love of forms and ceremonies which was handed down to it from the religion it supplanted; and Rome, as the centre of the Christian world, was admirably qualified to define all the rites of Christian worship, in virtue of the long training of the Italian mind to this elaborate cultivation of religious ritual.

Another peculiarity of the religion of ancient Rome must not be omitted. It was essentially a political religion. Church and State was the motto of every Roman politician. Not that there was any sort of equality between the two; the Church was subservient to the State with a subserviency which would have satisfied the veriest Erastian. The Romans cared nothing for the gods as such; it was because they were the gods of his family, of his clan, of his country that they claimed his allegiance. A stranger god took its place in the Pantheon only when it became one of the gods of Rome, and if the Greek deities held their own national character, and were not assimilated to the Roman type, this was owing partly to the decay of the ancient worship, partly to a prevalent opinion that the glory and honor of the State would be advanced by the introduction of the Greek civilization. From the foundation of Rome to the time of the Emperors, it was the Roman State which was the true object of national worship. No deity was really so dear to them as one whom they aptly personified as "Salus Populi Romani." To die for one's country was the highest, noblest act of virtue. It was because they spread far and wide the honor and glory of Rome that Julius and Augustus had a right to take their place among the immortal gods. When the politicians of the later Republic lamented over the decay of religion, it was not from any personal attachment to the deities whose worship they sought to revive; on the contrary, many of them were complete skeptics at heart. It was because they foresaw the evil consequences to their country resulting from her abandonment of her ancient worship. They knew that the religion of Rome, in spite of its vagueness and hollowness, represented the best traditions of the past, and had a real, practical influence for good on the public morality. They knew that it fostered a spirit of reverence and submission to authority, and checked the spirit of disloyalty and independence which was growing up around them. They dreaded the coming flood of the democratic spirit, and the best means at hand to check it was a revival of a religion essentially aristocratic and conservative, hating the critical spirit and depending for its very existence on an unreasoning acceptance of traditional observances. The same conviction ruled the policy of the Roman Emperors. The religious revival under Augustus was partly the result and partly the cause of the glories of the Augustan age.

Thus the religion of Rome was the useful servant of the State in promoting the moral and material welfare of its citizens by the rigorous code of outward observance that it enforced. External religion though it was, it had undoubtedly a most beneficial influence on morality, and its decay was coincident with the moral decay of Rome. For it was so interlaced with every little detail of life; it kept so constantly before the mind an ever-present Deity, that the moral acts of men were necessarily subject to its sanction, and he who transgressed the rational law fell under its ban. It had none of the impurities of Greek legend in its traditions, and when the Greek philosophers first came into contact with it, they were full of admiration at its simple and lofty morality, its spirit of sincere reverence, and the influence for good which it exercised over the lives of men. Even the Fathers of the Church speak of the high excellencies of the religion of Numa. Vesta was the patroness

of chastity; Jupiter himself was the guardian of the sanctity of promises and oaths; the Lares and Penates were the representatives of the domestic virtues for which the Roman hearth was in early times specially remarkable. The worship of the Dii Manes was a practical expression of the Roman belief in the immortality of the soul, and such a belief, even though indefinite and only half realized, has always a good effect. In fine, the religion of Rome recognized the two essential principles of the natural law, the existence of God, and of a God who punishes the wrongdoer and rewards the just. It recognized and even exaggerated the duty of children to their parents, of inferiors to their superiors, of citizens to the State. It made much of the sanctity of marriage, was an enemy to luxury in any shape, and exacted the most rigorous good faith and the most exact fulfilment of every civil and religious engagement, and above all it taught the grand truth that every action is under the supervision of the Deity, that every man is watched over by some influence from heaven, that every house and street and city is in some sense consecrated to God. At the same time it was not a Pantheism, for Jupiter at least had a distinct personality of his own, and if the other gods were but the representatives of abstract ideas, and of the forces of nature, yet they only became gods in so far as they were recognized as invested with a sort of personality, and as having an individual and separate existence in the realm of spirits.

One other point must be noticed before concluding our rapid sketch. For the first two hundred years after the foundation of Rome, no statue or material representation of any of the gods was to be found within the city. The place of worship was marked by a lance stuck in the ground, or by a rough made stone, which was a symbol and not an image of the deity. Even in later times, when foreign influence had introduced lower and more sensuous ideas of God, the Roman population, generally speaking, were free from anything that can fairly be called idolatry. When the Roman bowed his head before the statue of Jupiter, it was not the marble mass which he adored, but the ever-present Deity. The fetish notion which had such an attraction for the Jews, even after they had been long settled in the Land of Promise, had no hold over the more advanced civilization of Rome. False gods made their way one by one into the temples of the city, and ousted the purer worship of Rome's early days, but it was not until the degrading corruptness of Eastern superstition had infected the morality as well as the religion of their conqueror that idolatry in the proper sense can be charged on the inhabitants of Rome.

But was the religion of the early Empire the same as that of more primitive times? How far had the primitive tradition held its own? Did Christianity encounter the pure religion of Numa, or had time introduced a more debased belief? We have already said that the later Republic witnessed a very remarkable decline in the influence of the faith of their ancestors. We must now particularize a little more closely the change which had taken place. The principal causes in the general decay were three in number: the advance of democracy, the influence of Greece, and the civil wars. As long as the patricians were able to maintain their political supremacy, they had a complete and exclusive monopoly in matters of religion. It was accepted as a law of nature that the patricians were the sacerdotal caste. When the kings were expelled from Rome it was regarded as incompatible with the dignity of the high priest of Jupiter, that the office should be held by an elective magistrate—although the consulship was at first confined to the patricians—

and a separate officer was appointed, who held the priesthood for life. When the plebeians, growing stronger year by year, clamored for a share in the consulship, one of the main arguments brought against the change was the impossibility of a plebeian taking the auspices. Nor was this only a selfish plea by which the patricians sought to maintain their power. Events justified their fear of plebeian ascendency. For while it was the interest of the patricians to be faithful to every detail of the ancient religion, while the instinct of self-preservation strengthened their dread of any change in solemn rite and national tradition, the plebeians, on the other hand, had little of the old feeling of reverence and all the reforming spirit which characterizes those who have fought their way from a state of dependence and subjection to authority and influence. As long as the Pontifices filled up the vacancies in their numbers with those whom they themselves nominated, so long was it possible to maintain the conservative and religious traditions of their office. But as soon as the people acquired the right of electing the new priests at the comitia, and often chose men of inferior character, mere party candidates or popular favorites, from that moment their prestige declined, the ancient rites were neglected and religion fell into discredit. The work of decay thus brought about was a very rapid one; the vague and uncertain character of the gods of Rome, the want of a rational basis for the ceremonies and observances prescribed in the sacred books, deprived religion of all power to hold its own against the flood of advancing and aggressive skepticism.

But the process would have been far slower if it had not been for the corroding influence of Greek philosophy and the corruptions which were introduced by Greek civilization and Greek conceptions of the Deity. The taste for Greek art, Greek poetry, the Greek theatre, invaded all classes, patricians and plebeians alike; and the more vivid deities of the Greek Olympus, mere magnified men, with human caprices, human lusts, and human frailties, soon became popular at Rome, and, assuming the names of the ancient gods of the city, stepped into their place, without losing anything of their own depravity and vice. The Senate, from time to time, made attempts to drive back the dangerous invaders, but all in vain. The simple creed of the past did not satisfy the morbid cravings which had sprung up in the populace of Rome, and while the new worship attracted the masses, it drove the more thoughtful minds into unbelief and indifferentism. Cicero, for instance, in spite of his accurate knowledge of the natural law and his lofty conceptions respecting God, was, at the same time, a complete skeptic in practice. In his letters, which afford a most faithful picture of his inner life, God has no place whatever. For the current popular theology he has the most supreme contempt, and employs it in his speeches merely as a rhetorical artifice to move his hearers. At the same time, Cicero, like all the leading politicians of the later Republic, was anxious to maintain all the ancient rites and ceremonies of religion, the sacrifices and the auspices, the solemn processions and formal supplications to the gods; but it was merely for political purposes and from an instinct of conservatism, and not because he believed in their reality or efficacy. He knew that the religious and political institutions of his country were bound together by the closest tie, and the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors would help forward the process of disintegration under which the ancient constitution of Rome was rapidly crumbling into pieces. Already the civil wars had wrought sad havoc in all that had formed the glory and the pride of the Rome of

former days. Selfish ambition had taken the place of devoted patriotism; party views had blinded the eyes of the populace to the interests of their country. In the struggle between Sylla and Marius, there was no principle at stake, but men witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of the city divided against herself in order to glut the lust for power and criminal desire for ascendency of the two rival leaders. No wonder that, under such circumstances, the last spark of their ancestral faith seemed to be quenched in the minds of the Romans, leaving behind it nothing but empty forms and observances which were utterly unmeaning.

Such was the state of things when Julius Cæsar became master of the city. If death had not cut short his work of reconstruction, there is every reason to think that he would have established his power on the basis of religion. Skeptic though he was, he had accepted the office of supreme pontiff, and encouraged by example and enactment the ancient ceremonies. His eagle eye could not fail to see how important, how necessary an instrument for consolidating the empire was the prestige of a religion which had always been linked with the politics of Rome. But the work which he scarcely began Augustus carried out with fair-sighted wisdom and complete success, and we must now say a few words on the reforms which he instituted, and of the influence of his religious policy in preparing the way for the Christianity that was so close at hand.

The young Octavius seems from the first to have determined on giving to religion a very prominent place in his administrative policy. The very name he took, Augustus, was borrowed from the language of the priests, and though at heart an unbeliever in the deities of Olympus, he was most scrupulously attentive to his religious duties, and in his character of Pontifex Maximus, never failed to take part in the ceremonies of the various priestly colleges. Having thus set the fashion by his example, he turned his attention to religious legislation, and to the difficult task of restoring life and vigor to the fast waning beliefs in the ancient deities. He ordered that the temples which had fallen into decay should be repaired, spending large sums out of the Imperial Treasury in their adornment. He filled up the colleges of the priests, gave them fresh privileges, nominated to offices which had fallen into abeyance, such as that of the Flamen Dialis and Rex Sacrificulus, and reorganized the corporation of the Arval Brothers.* He also sought to reanimate the religious spirit by introducing a number of new devotions, such as that of Mars the Avenger, and of Palatine Apollo. Above all, he revived the secular games in honor of Apollo, raising them to the position of the great religious festival of the year, and surrounding them with all the importance that solemn pomp and lavish magnificence and the songs of Rome's best poets were able to impart to them. They were to usher in a golden age for Rome, an age of peace and plenty at home, of victory and universal power wherever Roman armies and Roman eagles had found their way. Thus the restoration of religion was to be the harbinger of political dominion, and Augustus sought to impress upon the Roman mind that the two ideas were inseparable. At the same time he wisely recognized the importance of public morality alike to religion and to political success; and his severe enactments against luxury and immodesty, as well as his marriage laws, fostered the persuasion of the citizens that under their heaven-sent emperor the good old days were to return, and the miseries of the later republic were to be obliterated in

* Cf. M. Gaston Boissier, La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins, in which the reader will find an interesting and detailed account of the state of religion at Rome under the earlier emperors.

the happiness of a revival of Rome's ancient glory. Nor were the court poets the least influential element in the religious revival. Horace and Virgil not only made the practice of religion respectable but threw over it the lustre of their poetical genius and the prestige of their aristocratic patronage. Horace as a professed convert from skepticism and a good-humored sensible moralist, Virgil with his touching pathos and his almost Christian sentiment, won for religion a transient vitality which might easily have been mistaken for a renewed life.

But how did all this affect the success of Christianity? Chiefly in two ways: it created a sort of religious bigotry, an attachment to the heathen deities which fostered the spirit of persecution, and made even the tolerant Roman rise indignantly against the insolent sect which declared the gods of Rome to be mere devils, and refused by the slightest external sign of respect, to pay honor to the religion of the State. But it also succeeded in reviving for a time some little realization of an unseen world, and turned the minds of men from a mere gross and material civilization, from the mere gratification of animal instincts and degrading pleasures, to something of the old Roman spirit of reverence and submission, of obedience to constituted authority and to an unselfish patriotism, and of pure morality. It introduced a reign of comparative tranquillity. If Christianity had been introduced during the civil wars, it would, humanly speaking, have had no chance of winning its way. *Non in commotione Dominus.* Times of intestine strife may prepare the way for better things, but in themselves are subversive of religious or moral progress. But coming in as it did at a time, checkered indeed, but yet a time of peace rather than of war, it had time to fix itself upon the thoughts of men and to draw first one and then another to the light which was soon to centre its rays in the great pagan city.

We must not close without a word on the introduction of a usage which plays rather a prominent part in the Roman religion of the early empire. The apotheosis of the emperors is sometimes represented as a hideous act of blasphemy against Almighty God. It was nothing of the sort. It was simply a public recognition of what was already an implicit article of faith to every Roman citizen. The souls of the departed were already the objects of a sort of *cultus* under the name of the Dii Manes, and apotheosis meant nothing more than the expression of a belief that the deceased emperor was enjoying an existence freed from the imperfections of earth; and of a conviction that there was something superhuman, something ideal about his public character and his public virtues. Rome had already divinized her founder, and the Dii Indigetes were the ancient kings of Latium. In a religion where there is no impossible barrier, no infinite distance between man and God, the apotheosis of distinguished men is a natural outcome of a belief in the immortality of the soul. Julius Cæsar had dazzled the Roman people by his brilliant military achievements and political service; his tragic death surrounded him with a fresh halo of romance. It was impossible for the enthusiastic populace to believe that he was cut off forever from all communion with the city which idolized him, and that he was laid in the cold shades of the nether world. The only alternative was to give him a place among the deities of Olympus. Augustus, though he wisely refused to allow any sort of divine honors to be paid him at Rome during his lifetime, managed to surround himself with a sort of sacred character, and rather encouraged than discountenanced a *cultus* which sprung up in some of the provinces, and in which he was adored rather as the

impersonation of the "genius" of the empire than as a personal ruler. The vices of some of the succeeding emperors certainly made them strange inhabitants even of a pagan heaven, but their apotheosis becomes less ridiculous if we regard it as a tribute to their official rather than to their personal character. It was recognition of the fact that all authority comes from God, and that there is something sacred about him who is invested with it. As such, as a civil ceremony, and an act of public honor to the supreme head of the State, it lingered on even in Christian times. Nor can we doubt that it played its part in preparing the way for the doctrines of Christianity. It was a sort of foreshadowing, however obscure, confused, and imperfect, of the teaching of the Catholic Church on two points of no small importance. On the one hand it familiarized the minds of men with the competence of a human authority speaking under the inspiration of God to declare that those who have lived lives of heroic virtue are exalted to a place in heaven, to see God face to face. On the other hand, it laid the foundation of a deep reverence for the head of Church and State, whatever might be his individual character and his personal imperfection. In a word, it paved the way for the canonization of the saints and for the infallibility of the supreme pontiff.

We are now able to distinguish what is true from what is false in the assertion that Christianity introduced no new ideas into the world. It is perfectly true that by the providence of Almighty God, the influences which gathered round the chair of Peter were such as to mould the minds of men to a temper suitable to the reception of the doctrines of Christ. The underlying monotheism of the religion of Rome, its elaborate ritual, its all-embracing charity, its high morality, its political relations with the State were all a means of preparation for the faith which was to come. Its very decadence served to clear the ground, and to convince the thinking patriot of its incompetence to be a bulwark against skepticism and moral corruption. Its revival under Augustus introduced new elements, which were not without their influence in facilitating the introduction of Christianity. So far we agree with our adversaries. But to assert that any human power of selection, any natural survival of the fittest, could have enabled the despised and persecuted doctrine of the Nazarene to assimilate all the best features of Paganism, and having assimilated them, to wage deadly war against the religion which gave them birth, and finally to vanquish and destroy it, is to assert a moral impossibility, contrary to the universal experience of mankind and to all principles which direct and govern the ordinary course of human affairs.

PADRE STANISLAS MATTEI.

An introduction is necessary in the outset. Who ever heard of Father Mattei? Was he a saint, a great preacher, or a great missioner; in short, a great priest? I believe he is in heaven, hence I infer that he was a saint, albeit the Church has not authorized me formally to entertain such a belief. He was indeed a good priest, and until the Revolution drove him from his beloved cloister he was a good monk too. My purpose, however, for the nonce, is not to speak of Padre Mattei in his sacerdotal or monastic character, though he honored either sufficiently well to make a memoir of him in that respect very interesting. But the good father was a great musician; great enough to be the master of no less celebrities than Gioacchino Rossini and Guetano Donizetti. It is generally the rule in this age, that musical celebrity is confined to two classes of composers. First, to those great masters who startled the world by grand, classical, operatic productions. Their number is very insignificant, compared with the numerous and varied array of second-class composers, who have a knack—I cannot call it genius—of writing light music, the character of which cannot better be described, than by the qualifying adjective given it by the public—popular. Between these two extremes there is a host of musicians of greater or less celebrity. To the great majority of these, the oblivion to which their names and works are soon consigned, is not undue. I may say the same *en passant* of the generality of popular composers. Their fame is meteoric. But there is another class of musicians who are only known to the few, and yet for their profound knowledge of the art, and the disinterested zeal with which they devote themselves to its cultivation, they deserve a high, not to say the highest, place on the Parnassus of music. Surely the name of Albert, the Great, is not insignificant in scholastic annals. And what was the loveliest flower in his crown of glory? The having been the master of a Thomas of Aquain. Father Mattei stands before the musical world like an Albert. As Albert directed the studies of the "ox whose roar made heretics tremble" the world over, so did Father Mattei give form and matchless unity to the then wild inspirations of the young Pesarese, and afterwards, of the gentle Bergamaschite, and to-day his spirit lives alike in the soul-moving strains of William Tell, and the tender cadences of Lucia di Lammermoor. Father Stanislas Mattei was the son of a blacksmith, and was born in Bologna on the 10th of February, 1750. His father, though an artisan, was a true Bolognese; that is to say, the love of learning which is traditional in the city of Bologna, was warm and active within him, and instead of introducing the boy to the anvil, he presented him to the teacher of one of the many elementary schools of the city. It was no unusual thing in those days for little boys to drop into a church and say a prayer, going to and returning from school. But the parents of young Mattei soon perceived that he prayed very long in the evening, and besides that he had an exclusive predilection for the Church of San Francesco, of the Minor Conventualists. His mother repaired to the Church one evening, her imagination alive with visions of a little saint, wrapt in silent prayer before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. She found the boy, not on his knees, but stand-

ing bolt upright in an ecstacy of delight and admiration before the tribune, in which the venerable Father Martini was beating time for the music of vespers. Had any one predicted to her there and then, that young Stanislas would one day stand in the same tribune, and direct the music with still greater *éclat* than even the illustrious Martini, she would have requested that individual in choice Bolognese to remember, that his facetiousness was malapropos in the house of God. The convent of San Francesco, with the adjoining church, was regarded, and justly, too, by the lovers of music, as a grand conservatory. Not to mention the fact, that on the feasts grand vespers were rendered with a full orchestra, and sometimes as many as four choirs, there were vespers in music every day in the week. The ferial music was strictly classical, and always distributed into four *real* parts. Father Martini had for many years been the glory of Bologna, and at the time of which I write, was just in a mellow old age. He was not long in noticing the assiduous presence of young Mattei, and his evident pleasure in listening to the music. He lost no time in speaking to the boy, and discovering decided musical tendencies, he at once admitted him to the musical instructions which he gave daily in the adjoining convent. Young Mattei became so attached to his benevolent master that he could hardly live away from him, and was always sorry when the *Ave Maria* bell rang, as it was an announcement to externs to withdraw from the convent. He had never for a moment given a thought to the possibility of his entering the order. But when the good father alluded to the subject one day, he eagerly jumped at the idea, and soon after, through the kind offices of his benefactor, he entered the novitiate. Being thus placed under the immediate protection of Father Martini, and moved by his example to a tender and childlike piety, he put on the habit of the Conventual Friars, and at the age of sixteen pronounced his vows. Together with studying philosophy and theology he applied himself particularly to the study of musical composition, in which his progress was so rapid that he was soon appointed as organist of the convent, and was even selected by his aged master to assist him in giving lessons in music, and to direct the choir in church, whenever he was unable to attend himself. As soon as he arrived at the age required by the canons he was ordained priest. After his ordination he applied himself to the discharge of his new obligations with scrupulous exactness, and passed whole days in the confessional, whither his modesty, piety, and ascetic learning attracted many penitents. The first who placed himself under the spiritual direction of the young priest was his beloved master, Father Martini. From that time until the death of the old man they were not only friends but brothers. In his last illness he was attended by his own pupil, and from him received the last sacraments of the Church.

Father Martini died on the 3d of August, 1784. He left a valuable collection of unedited manuscripts, which he intrusted to the keeping of his faithful pupil, who had studied with him and lived in constant companionship with him for eighteen years. In a letter to a friend, to whom he announces the death of his master, Father Mattei writes: "He was my confessor and I his for the last ten years, and I've been constantly edified by his truly Christian and religious life. God grant that I may profit by it! Imagine my sorrow for the loss of a master, who was both father and friend to me. I lived with him for eighteen years, and was alone with him when he died. But I trust he is in heaven, and that I have not lost him." This brief extract gives us an edifying pic-

ture of two good monks, one of whom was raised and educated by the other. There is something tender and pathetic in their lives, which appeals to the kindliest sentiments of our nature, it matters not what our religious opinions may be. They lived together in the most perfect union, they assisted each other in the spiritual and temporal order, each communicating to the other the most intimate secrets of his conscience. Confession to them became a holy outpouring of friendship, and when one left the earth he only seemed to depart in priority of time to prepare a place in eternity where the other would meet him. During the lifetime of his master Mattei steadfastly refused to have his compositions executed in the Church of San Francesco, whether out of delicate respect for the fame of Martini or because he deemed it prudent to wait until his genius were matured by study, does not appear. His first productions proved him a composer of no ordinary capacity. They were written for eight parts divided into two choirs, as was the custom at that time. There is a great vivacity in the alternation of the two choral masses, and, from time to time there are introduced certain passages which must have startled the old contrapuntists, who were liege observers of the ancient rigor in ecclesiastical music. Mattei is bolder still in his quartettes, and he gives an importance to the orchestra never dreamt of by his master, and by the Italian school at large. The orchestra, especially in ecclesiastical music, was regarded merely as incidental; that it were capable of giving expression to beautiful sentiments, much less religious, was a wild paradox.

In 1792 Mattei composed an oratorio entitled "La passione di N. S. Gesir Cristo," using the text of Metastasios Oratorio, which elicited the hearty applause of the Italian masters, and surpassed in beauty, originality, and religious sympathy with his subject, a similar production of the great Basili himself, who was then at Rome. The French invasion, in 1798, interrupted the peaceful studies of the good father. The convents were suppressed, the monks expelled, and many of the churches closed. The Church of San Francesco which for nearly two centuries had re-echoed with the music of sacred canticles, was converted, or rather perverted, into a custom-house. Mattei submitted with resignation to his misfortune, and entered the world in the capacity of a secular priest. Though the political events of the time caused him great grief, yet he never spoke of it, but set to work immediately to obtain an honorable and independent existence from his art. In this he proved himself a true artist, adopting a policy which should be a rule for all artists in times of social and political revolutions. I do not profess to intimate that the artist should remain callously indifferent to the momentous events going on around him. He should heartily deplore past evils, hope for the future, but in the meantime dedicate himself to his art, without prostituting a noble profession in making it the expression of political sentiment, and without indulging in puerile rodomontades. His first care, on leaving the convent, was to provide for his aged mother. He took her to live with himself, and had the consolation of supporting her, and making happy the last days of her life. He opened a school of composition, and in a short time counted not less than one hundred and fifty pupils, many of whom reflected honor upon him in Italy, while a few others became world-wide celebrities. He soon became known outside of Italy, and was consulted on questions of art by professors of different countries. Until the French invasion, he had been the President of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna, founded by the noble family of Carati.

This was one of the very few institutions which withstood the Revolution. Yet it succumbed in a few particulars to the revolutionary pressure, and a modification was made which excluded monks from an active membership. Thus Mattei was was placed on the list of honorable members.

In 1799, the municipality of Bologna founded the Musical Lyceum of that city, and when the question of appointing a professor of composition was brought up, the Philharmonic Society revoked the modification of a year before, and Mattei was appointed master of composition. About the same time he was offered the direction of music in the Cathedrals of Padua and Lucca, and, in particular, was earnestly pressed to accept that of the Basilica of Loreto, after St. Peter's, and St. John Lateran's in Rome, the first position in Italy. He refused them all, on account of his mother, who was fast approaching the tomb; but readily took the direction of the music in the Patriarchal Basilica of his own city, for which he composed an immensity of music of every description. The majority of his pieces are of the grandest *dimension*, written for eight voices, with grand orchestra. In all his compositions there is a quality which dominates over all others, and the influence of which is such that it destroys, or rather absorbs, the greater part of the imperfections—(these were remarkable in the solos, in which he appears like a giant bound hand and foot). I allude to the admirable richness of his harmony, full of vigor and clearness, brilliant with natural colors and surprising effects, which were obtained without obtrusive efforts, or remarkable deviations from the broad, open road through which he marched rather than walked. The music of Mattei, majestically proud, always proceeds with princely carriage, with a numerous cortege of harmonious effects which increase that splendor which seems almost inseparable from its nature. It is a queen, who stoops not to anything vulgar or puerile, and never shows herself but within the ample and magnificent halls of a royal palace. Her movements are always free and graceful, because she is conscious of her dignity. Her very *scherzi* partake of the serious, participate in the decorum and majesty of royalty—every act inspires respect and admiration. From what has been said, it may be readily conceived that, among the compositions of Mattei, the choral and concerted pieces are the most imposing, precisely because in these he could the more liberally dispose of all the wealth of science, all the magnificence of a sumptuous harmony. His choruses *a pieno* are of the grandest effect, and this is admirably enhanced by the orchestral accompaniment, which abounds in freshness and originality. No composer has been able to give to his fugues greater vivacity, and, at the same time, greater elegance than Mattei. He possessed in an eminent degree the art of managing harmonic material; he disposes of it in his introductions without effort, and always under the most advantageous and satisfactory aspect. I have the authority of M. Lafage, formerly professor of the history of music in the Athenæum of Paris, for stating that Padre Mattei was the first to introduce in the orchestra the frequent imitation of a brief cadence of a melody, which is generally produced by different instruments an octave above the singer, and of which Rossini afterwards made such a happy use in those masterpieces which principally form the wealth of modern repertories. It was also Mattei, who, in his ecclesiastical music, gave greater movement—in this Rossini imitated him to, aye, beyond perfection—to the bass instruments which before his day, always proceeded with the choral bass. Mattei, even at that comparatively remote date,

foresaw the immediate *decadence* of Italian song, and pronounced his opinion in very clear (yet prophetic!) terms, when he heard the celebrated tenor David making an unlawful use of *falsetto* notes. "This system," said the old master, "will bring about the ruin of the beautiful Italian melody, and will corrupt the style of composers. The tenor enters into the dominions of the contralto, which will soon be judged useless. Later on, the bass will infringe on the jurisdiction of the tenor, and the baritone will disappear, that voice so full of sweetness and dignity. The grand register of five or six voices will thus be reduced to three, and nothing will remain but mongrel basses and tenors. And if the soprano be preserved it will simply be because its situation is so elevated, that it remains inaccessible to the other voices." Reader, listen to a modern opera, say Verdi's Aida, and you will perceive the fulfilment of Father Mattei's prediction. Apropos of Rossini, I take this occasion of speaking of him with the view of contradicting a very erroneous notion entertained by dilettanti and not a few people who profess to be well informed. Speaking of the youth of this great composer, many say that he spent it in idleness, and that he thought of nothing but amusements. In short, it is believed by some to be a great tribute to the merit of Rossini to charge him with being a young scapegrace, who spent his days and nights at the *cafés*. Still adhering to the authority of Lafage, who was intimate with Rossini in Paris, I do not make a haphazard statement in saying that from his sixteenth year, when Rossini was placed under the instruction of Father Mattei, he dedicated himself with extreme ardor to his studies. He not only worked diligently with his master, but privately put the quartettes of Mozart and Haydn into scores, and frequently, after having heard some of his own music executed in the Lyceum, he hurried home to take notes of the passages and effects which impressed him most. That he loved to enjoy himself, I do not deny. But it is also true that if the man of genius loses a day he gains a night. Labor and genius go hand-in-hand, and though Rossini was possessed with a penetration and tact which never deceived him, though he had a wonderful memory, and a prodigious facility in the mental analysis of the forms and effects of music, yet all these gifts would have produced little impression on the world, were it not for the study, the prolonged study, which brought them into action. And to speak of Donizetti, the elegant, the tender, the pathetic Donizetti, whose beautiful melodies are the delight of the opera to-day, do you think that that facility of composition which gives a natural air to all his works, which hides so effectively his frequent weakness of invention, came to him by inspiration, and without study? If Rossini labored, Donizetti toiled.

When Donizetti had passed several years in Bergamo under the direction of the celebrated Mayr, the latter advised him to study for some time under Father Mattei before giving his compositions to the world. So Donizetti went to Bologna. Father Mattei was pretty far advanced in years at that time, consequently was ill disposed to change his habits, as giving private instructions would necessitate. To find him, therefore, the future author of Lucia was obliged to repair to the church every evening towards the *Ave Maria*, where the old man was in the habit of hearing confessions. Donizetti waited patiently until the last penitent was dismissed, and then accompanied his master—no, not home, but to the church of St. Petronius, where Mattei said his beads, and to the credit of Donizetti be it said, that he took his turn at the *aves* like a good friar. After beads they moved towards Santa Caterina di Porta Saragozza, where

Mattei lived. But even after their arrival, the old man did not correct the music of the young composer, but sat down unconcernedly to his supper, while Donizetti made himself agreeable to the mother of the master, a deaf old lady verging on the last decade of a century. This doing the agreeable consisted in playing a game of cards, called here *tre sette*. Talk of playing whist with old folks! It is amusement compared with *tre sette*. Add a deaf old lady for your opponent,—mercy! Donizetti was a hero. When Mattei had eaten his salad, and fed the cat, and when the old lady had dropped off to sleep, then the old man would turn to the young watcher with a sweet, paternal smile, which more than repaid him for the annoyance of waiting, and say, "*Ebben figlioletto, che hai di bello?*—Well, little son, what hast thou beautiful?" So the "little son" would draw forth his papers, and spread them on the table with a trembling hand, fearing lest that correcting pen would be drawn through some of his darling passages. They required no instrument to know the effect of the written notes before them. Each was an orchestra in himself, and as the eyes of the venerable master passed up and down every individual bar, through a labyrinth of instrumental and vocal parts, his face would brighten at the unity. And when he discovered an error, he would merely cross it out, substitute the correction—the corrections were beautiful suggestions—turn to his pupil, and say, "This does not go well—hast thou understood?" Such was the novitiate through which Donizetti passed on his way to fame. Reader, I think you will pardon this partial digression. Mattei occupied the position of professor of composition in the Lyceum until a few months before his death. After the death of his mother, he lived in the house of the parish priest of Santa Caterina. Only the year before his death, he published his *partimenti*, the *vade mecum* of every student of music. The *partimenti*, or numbered *bassi*, of Durante, Fenaroli, Leo, and Vallotti, had become insufficient after the old ecclesiastical style had been abandoned, and harmony enriched by modern study, Mattei's thorough bass made up for the deficiency, and gave, besides, a new impulse to the study of music in Italy. It is a pity that the impulse was so soon allowed to perish. In these *partimenti* there is a great energy of conception, and the concatenation of chords is always happy, natural, and sometimes most surprising. The resolution of his cadences especially is wonderfully rich in surprises. Indeed, these *bassi*, though constituting the foundation of innumerable melodic parts, are in themselves beautiful specimens of robust and elegant melody.

Father Mattei's last illness lasted fifty days. During that time he gave his attention exclusively to the things of the next world. From time to time, however, one of his old pupils would call to get a word of advice, and though the sufferings of the old man were intense, still he would correct the manuscript with a trembling hand. To the last hour of his life, he was warmly interested in his pupils, and even spoke kindly of some who had been very ungrateful to him. He died on the 12th of May, 1825, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The authorities of the city of Bologna decided to honor his remains by a solemn religious and civic funeral, at the expense of the municipality.

The Musical Lyceum of Bologna, as it exists now, hardly deserves the name. The Italian Revolution is to be thanked for it. A few violinists are seen lounging around the doors. Nothing is left but its ancient glory, the library, the pictures of its great lights, of which the first was that humble monk, habited in the gown of St. Francis, whose picture is placed between those of Rossini and Donizetti.

THE ERL KING'S KISS.

A THURINGIAN LEGEND.

THIS is the story as it was told to me years ago in an old German town. Alas, that in my clumsy hand it must lose much of its subtle beauty and meaning! Sadder still, that the sweet girlish voice that told it, is stilled forever; that the manner of the telling, naive yet reverent, and prettily exact, remains but as a fading dream in the memory of one who listened long ago. Nothing is left but the legend itself to connect me with that happy past, and this I give in my own poor language, fortunate if I can recall but a shade of the delicate beauty that once adorned it.

"Elsie, my child, twilight is no time for maidens to be roaming. Go where thou wilt when the sun shines; but when the dew is falling, and the light fades from the castle's walls, then, my daughter, hasten homeward, and if thou art wise, do not linger by the road."

"Nay, mother, twilight is to me more beautiful than dawn, and night than day. What harm can come to me from wandering after the dews have fallen. There are no robbers here, and if there were, what could they find on me a poor village girl?"

"Hush, hush, child! it is not robbers nor any mortal power that I fear for thee. Often have I heard that with the first sun rays the angels of God come down to earth, and watch over his children; but with the setting sun they go back to heaven, and then evil spirits wander abroad in search of souls."

So spoke the ancient mother ignorant in all save spirit-love, yet wise with the simple wisdom of virtuous old age; and the daughter listened eagerly but not fearfully, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes.

"Tell me, mother," she said, "have you ever seen these dreadful shapes, or heard them, or know you what favorite spots they haunt?"

"God forbid that I should see them or hear them, and dreadful shapes they have none. They say the Erl king is beautiful as a fallen angel, but woe to the maiden who looks upon that beauty."

"But if she be good and pious, what harm can he do her?"

"You speak wisely, child. If she be good and pious, no harm can befall her. God watches over his own; and 'tis only they who through wilfulness or curiosity or pride, risk a meeting with evil spirits, that fall into their clutches. So, Elsie, my daughter, although evening be more beautiful than day, yet it is unsafe for thee to roam abroad. Her home is the only safe place for a Christian maiden after dusk, her rosary her best companion."

Even as she spoke, the girl's eyes wandered wistfully through the little window into the gathering darkness. Her mother's last warning had fallen unheeded. The words, "The Erl king is beautiful as a fallen angel," still rang in her ears. She half doubted, half believed, and the desire seized her to discover for herself the truth of these strange stories, to look, if possible, upon that unholy beauty. Oh, Elsie, a prayer now for strength against temptation would help thee much! But she did not stop to think or pray. Her mother had left the room, and, obeying the wilful impulse, she stepped quickly out of the door. The soft night-breezes kissed her face and hair, and

whispered among the tree-tops, as though gently beseeching her to turn back. An owl flew by, croaking hoarsely, as though warning her to turn back.

"What have I to fear?" thought she, pausing for an instant. "I have often wandered through the wood far later than this, and no harm has befallen me. I am disobeying my mother, but that too has often happened before. I am seeking—" but she would not say to herself what she sought. The inspiration to return she cast aside, and walked rapidly on.

By degrees her natural fearlessness of disposition returned. The pallid moon was slowly struggling upward, and her feeble rays glimmered through the heavy trees. A strange buoyancy filled Elsie's heart.

Fatigued at length she stood by a little well, and looked upon the sleeping scene around her. Would he come? Her heart beat wildly at the thought, and she shrank back with sudden fear. Should she return home, having seen nothing? No, she would go on. She dared, nay, she hoped to meet him. A sigh made her turn quickly. There, where the moonbeams fell wildly, stood a figure, tall, dark, commanding. The black eyes glowed with an evil light, the haughty lips smiled a wicked smile. It was, indeed, the beauty of a fallen angel.

Elsie's first impulse was to fly. She felt herself for an instant free to do so, and the thought passed like lightning through her brain: "Only those who through wilfulness or curiosity or pride, risk a meeting with evil spirits, fall into their clutches." She turned, but, before making a step, she stole another glance at the Erl king. Motionless he stood and smiled, and casting aside another and a last inspiration, she thought: "I will not go," and again she looked. The smile deepened into one of triumph, and the Erl king strode forward, rapidly yet noiselessly. Another instant, and his arm was about her, and a burning kiss imprinted on her cheek; another, and trembling from head to foot, she was alone under the cold moonlight. Alone, but feeling still that hot kiss, with her brain whirling madly, and a thousand horrible thoughts surging wildly through her mind. Then she turned and fled, stopping not until she had reached her mother's door.

Fearfully she crept to her own room. The moonbeams, now grown stronger and clearer, lit up every corner, and fell brightly on a little statue of the Virgin. Kneeling before it, Elsie strove to pray. In vain! She could not utter the sacred words, with her cheeks still tingling from her fearful kiss. Worn out, she threw herself upon the bed, and slept. For the first time her guardian angel watching by her bed turned from the sleeper; and with averted head and troubled face, as one shut in with something noxious, offered up his pure spirit in beseeching prayer to God.

The gray light of dawn awakened the sleeper, and for a moment she struggled with returning consciousness. Then what a sickening sense of evil done crept over her. Would she could have slept forever. A dull pain in her cheek brought the remembrance of the previous night with horrible distinctness before her mind. With an indefinable fear that stopped her quick breathing, and sent the blood rushing cold to the heart, Elsie sprang from the bed, and gazed in her little glass. There, there it was! the red mark on the pale face—the impress of the Erl king's kiss. It seemed to burn to the very bone, as though his lips were even now pressed to the spot. It could be no fancy. She saw it, felt it, and beyond all sight or feeling, was the intense consciousness that it was there.

The dull morning light grew rosier, and the mother coming up to waken her sleeping daughter, found Elsie

crouched trembling on the floor, with her face buried in her hands, as though to hide it forever from the eyes of man.

Months dragged slowly by, and still Elsie and her mother lived in the solitary little cottage; the latter seen only when compelled to go to the village for the necessaries of life, and the girl, once the pride of all, now never beheld. People told strange stories about her; stories born of the mysterious solitude in which she lived. The more practical said she had gone mad, and some had even heard how the moonbeams streaming upon her when asleep had wrought this fearful change. Others whispered darkly of evil influences at work, and all agreed in shunning the lonely pair.

The mother would fain have gone away. Her neighbors' averted looks fell coldly on her heart, adding their weight to the weary sense of an unknown evil that weighed her down. But Elsie would not go. The strange brand upon her check was not the only change that had been wrought upon the girl. True she spun and attended to her plain home duties as before, but day by day she felt the alteration in herself, and knew that the influence thrown over her that night was gaining ground. The spell that bound her grew ever stronger, as the nature of the girl became gradually amalgamated with that of the Erl king.

She could not even define her feelings towards him. As night drew nigh came the intense desire to see him once again, and she dwelt upon his evil beauty till she maddened with this longing. It was not love, but a fascination stronger than love, that drew her every evening to wander until late, seeking one more glance at the vision that had ruined her. At such times the dull pain in her cheek would burn with renewed fierceness, sending thrills of agony alike through body and soul. Again she would recoil in disgust from the thoughts that had before frenzied her, and the excitement vanished, dull despair eat into her very heart.

But in all these weary days and weeks and months, never one prayer passed her lips. Since the first effort on that night, she had not even tried to pray. She never raised her eyes to the little statue of the Virgin, and if by chance they fell there, withdrew them quickly, wishing dully that the image were away. Yet she dared not touch it, and the wild flowers that had been placed before it on the last day of her innocence were never removed, but left to wither and dry up and fall away.

The poor mother, only half aware of her daughter's condition, would have tried the only remedy she knew of—a visit to some holy shrine, or at least the blessing of a priest of God; but Elsie would have neither, and it was vain to thwart her now. So while she wandered far into the darkness, the mother poured out her troubled heart in prayer, and again and again offered up her own life for her daughter's soul.

Once at noon Elsie went to the well, the scene of her miserable interview. She never looked at herself now either in her glass or in water, for her branded face had become hateful to her; but on that day moved by a new impulse, she bent over and gazed earnestly at her reflection in the clear water. The longer she looked the more strange the image grew to her. It was not only that the ripe flush of health had given place to a deadly pallor, broken only by that faint cursed sign, and that the buoyant elasticity of youth was gone forever from the slight figure. No, the change that struck her so lay deeper still. Some lurking light in the dark eye, some half-perceptible expression of the delicate lips; these riveted her gaze, and sent her mind wandering off in a scarcely acknowledged search for similar lineaments. Nothing is more evanescent than the human expression. Now, Elsie

thought that she had grasped the likeness she sought for; now, all was blank, until at length fatigued, she drew away.

But again came the longing to look, and see what was this vague resemblance that tormented her. Once more she bent over the water, and this time like a flash it came to her. It was the Erl king who looked at her from her own eyes. The light lingering in their depths was the same unholy gleam that shone in his, the expression round the mouth was a half-development of his haughty smile. Even as her mind was being slowly but surely distorted to his mould, so were her very features likening themselves to his.

As the sickening consciousness forced itself upon her, Elsie shuddered and turned away, murmuring, with dry lips, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Twelve cruel months dragged slowly by, and the anniversary of that summer night had come. A fierce hope that was strangely akin to despair, throbbed in Elsie's bosom. Perhaps it was on that one night of the year, that the Erl king wandered on earth. Surely she would see him, and, thought the girl's desperate soul, "he shall either cure me or take me."

Night drew near; not the soft moonlit eve of twelve months ago, but stormy, with flashing lightning, and a wind that sobbed and moaned as if mourning over lost innocence. Heedless of all, Elsie went forth with fast-beating heart into the rain and darkness. She would have hastened towards the well, but, blinded by the storm, lost her way, and wandered further and further through the forest, until at length worn out and half fainting she stopped. Flash after flash of lightning lit up the scene, but she knew not where she was. What mattered it! The Erl king could find her here as well as elsewhere, and her heart said come.

A peal of thunder shook the trees, and as it died away in hoarse rumbling, Elsie felt that he was there. A dark figure standing at a little distance was all she could at first discern, but in an instant the forked lightning played around it, and Elsie saw and recognized.

There he stood with the beauty of a fallen angel, and on his lips played a smile, half pitying half triumphant. Above his brow was a stone which seemed to have caught and retained a portion of the lightning's gleam, for it shone in the dark with a strange brilliancy, and lit up his dread features.

As the girl gazed, an overwhelming fascination seized her; her brain whirled madly, and the mark his kiss had made glowed like a living coal. The gleaming light in the Erl king's eye softened; he pointed to that burning sign, and stretched out his arms to her. A throb of fierce, unholy joy thrilled Elsie's heart; he claimed her as his own; was she not his?

With an inarticulate cry she sprang forward, but lo! the heavens were lit up with fast-succeeding flashes of lightning, and right before her stood a rude crucifix. Her unskilful hands had long ago fashioned the rough cross, and the life-size image of the dying Saviour. But now it was wondrously changed. The eyes, fast glazing with the death agony, were fixed upon Elsie, with a look of tender pity and beseeching love. The pale lips, trembling sorrowfully, seemed to say: "Do I die in vain?" For an instant Elsie paused; conflicting passions seemed to tear asunder her slight frame. She struggled fiercely to throw off the evil spell that bound her; then with a piercing rapturous cry, cast herself at the feet of her Saviour.

A veil of darkness again fell upon the earth, and the Erl king had vanished!

Bending down from the Tree of Death, the Christ laid a blood-stained finger upon Elsie's cheek. The pain vanished, and with it the evil im-

pulses, the strife, the misery and sin that had filled her soul. All had fled, and with a mighty swell of gratitude and love, the long-suffering heart broke at last.

Some passing peasants found her the next morning still clinging to the cross, while on the worn face, now beautiful in death, there played a happy smile. Gently they carried her to her mother, who, seeing that the evil mark had fled, knew that her prayers at last were answered.

"I thank thee, O loving Jesus," she murmured; "but how long before I, too, may come?"

SELF-ESTIMATES.

In every study the variety of senses in which people use words introduces some difficulty into the process of estimating the value of that part of one's knowledge which is obtained at second-hand, and of reducing this, and the other part which is derived from direct observation, into any common terms by means of which they may be combined into a consistent whole. But in the study of human nature there is an additional difficulty, arising from the fact that each person stands in a special, and what may be called an inverted, relation to one part of the common field of observation, and to that very part of it, moreover, in which he has special opportunities for acquiring and (if so disposed) for communicating information,—namely, to himself. In estimating the value of his evidence on this part of the general subject, therefore, we are driven to make quite a different calculation respecting the probable relation of his words to the facts from that which we should apply to his evidence respecting any other part of it. And this calculation must be made afresh for every individual case, since each person's self-estimate will bear an individual relation to his character.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the degree in which people attempt to form any kind of deliberate self-estimate varies indefinitely. For practical purposes everybody finds it necessary to make some self-regarding assumptions, but those made by different people differ indefinitely, not only in their accuracy, but in their extent and scope, as well as in the degrees of consciousness and vigor with which they are held. Scarcely anybody would be able, even if any one were likely to be willing, to give a categorical and exhaustive statement of his own qualities and powers, of his intellectual, moral, and social position, and of whatever else goes to make up a complete estimate of a human being in all the relations of life.

On the other hand, no rational being would be wholly unable to answer any such questions concerning himself. Between these two extremes there is room for every variety of self-knowledge, both in kind and degree. There are an infinite number of scales according to which people may be ranged, and life would not be long enough for the task of ascertaining one's own position on all of them, even if a man gave it his undivided attention. Some people have a decided opinion as to their own position as members of society, or as moral agents, who would be quite at a loss where to place themselves on the scale of (say) rational beings, critics, or subjects of criticism. Others have well-defined views of their merits or demerits as compared with particular individuals, while their place in society at large may appear to them compara-

tively hazy. Some people's opinion of themselves rises and falls like the mercury in a barometer, according to the moral atmosphere in which they find themselves, while others find in their own self-knowledge (real or supposed) a fixed point by which to measure the fluctuations of popular opinion, like highwater mark on the seashore. Again, the most consciously entertained self-estimates are by no means always the most vigorous. Some people, after much reflection, attain to a faltering notion regarding themselves which they are ready to abandon at the first breath of disbelief or contradiction from without, or to a cautiously qualified opinion which they allow themselves to entertain only under correction, and till further notice. On the other hand, there are those who cling with the utmost tenacity to pretensions which they have probably never dreamt of putting into words, and which they would emphatically, and without the slightest conscious insincerity, deny. Such persons will sometimes act as if all the blood of all the Howards ran in their veins, and as if, moreover, patricians and plebeians were barely fellow-mortals; while yet they will speak of themselves as Radicals; and would be sincerely astonished at any imputation of pride of birth. Others, while repudiating the name of critic, will lay down the law upon questions of art and literature as if from their judgment there could be no appeal. Some people cherish their own estimate of themselves so jealously that they will never expose it to the light of day, so that, from a house in which they have behaved as if they were grateful for notice, they will go away offended because they have not been paramount; while others deliberately and consistently accept a lower position than they know themselves to be entitled to, because any want of appreciation is more tolerable to them than a rebuff.

All these sources of error and inconsistency, both in the formation and the expression of opinion, enter in some degree into people's estimates of each other. But they are magnified and intensified tenfold in the case of self-estimates; so that many persons profess to disregard these altogether, and to be guided in their judgment of others entirely by their own observations. Yet nobody can really leave out of account, in judging of his fellows, the testimony, however warped and however obscurely expressed, of the person most nearly concerned, and most fully informed on the matter. The general consent in favor of the superior value and interest of autobiographies over any other account of their subjects is sufficient proof of the importance which we attach to people's account of themselves. And the respect inspired by self-confidence, so long as it is moderate in degree, and does not run into romancing and boastfulness, is a proof of the value which everybody attaches to what looks like evidence of reasonable self-approbation.

The fact is, that it is a mistake to compare (as is often done) a man's self-knowledge with the knowledge which others have of him, as if the difference were one of degree only or chiefly, and to infer that any difference of opinion between him and his observers must arise from bias on the one hand, or ignorance on the other. In reality the two kinds of knowledge are to a great extent complementary, and, of course, to that extent, can neither confirm nor contradict each other; and it is in so far as they are complementary that either of them has any value for the possessor of the other. What a man knows about himself is his own history, feelings, aims, and intentions, and the degree in which he has acted up to, or fallen short of, the latter; and upon these points no other person's opinion of him can be of the smallest value to him, while on these subjects, which to any one who wished

to understand him would be of the first interest, he could, if so minded, give not only the most, but almost the only valuable, information. On the other hand, what a man's neighbor knows about him is the impression which he produces upon others, and upon this point his own opinion is of next to no value; while any one who would put him in possession of the truth in the matter would do him a service, of which his appreciation would be in proportion to his wisdom and courage. If it is not wise to attend to every criticism which may reach one from without, this is because such criticisms are certain to be very partial, and are probably inaccurate representations even of the impression which they profess to describe. But a knowledge of the whole truth, or a wide view of the truth, respecting the impression which you produce on others, would be of the greatest possible value.

A man's knowledge of himself includes, as we have said, his own history, his present aims, and the proportion between these two; his verdict upon himself, therefore, is the result of a complicated calculation.

You measure other people by each other, as seen from your own point of view; you measure yourself by your own sensations, by the result of direct experiments, and by comparison with your past self. To compare the impression made on your own mind by objects of which your knowledge arises from such different sources, and is expressed in terms referring to such different standards, is like comparing the apparent size of the moon with that of a plate. No doubt the size of the plate and that of the moon are each, in its place, facts worth knowing; but to compare their apparent size, even were the distance of the plate given, would add nothing useful or interesting to our knowledge of either of them. It requires some reflection to see the futility of any such comparisons in either case, and the fact that people continually disregard it in the former case, and believe themselves to be making fair comparisons between themselves and other people, is the source of half the injustice and misunderstandings in the world. Such comparisons have their use, if attempted with the distinct consciousness of their inevitable incompleteness. It is by a rough process of this kind that men find their level in the world, which is no doubt a very desirable object; but if, instead of using such comparisons as rude instruments for a practical purpose, one allows them to govern one's judgment of one's self or other people, they can produce nothing but delusion and mischief. Nobody ought to allow himself to make such comparisons at all who cannot trust himself to hold them cheap.

Although a man's estimate of himself is of little or no value as a mere statement purporting to give us direct information of the facts to which it refers, yet its importance as an element of character is very great, especially for social purposes. There are many important virtues which add little or nothing to people's attractiveness; but the difference between self-complacency and self-depreciation is one which can never be overlooked, and to the social effects of which nobody can be indifferent. It is impossible to lay down any general rule as to the kind of self-estimate which is likely to be most generally acceptable, unless, in the spirit of a recent writer on the Philosophy of Conversation, one should advise a man to be pleased, but not too much pleased, with himself. Some degree of self-complacency we should think must be grateful to everybody's taste, as some amount of butter improves bread to every palate; but it is a very nice matter to determine the exact quantity. Much also depends upon whether the self-complacency be of a passive or an aggressive kind. Every benevolent mind likes to see

a fellow-creature happy; but many even benevolent people have a natural combativeness of disposition, which at once disposes them to resist whatever comes before them in the shape of a demand, even for sympathy. As a general rule, self-estimates may be said to be more or less contagious, though people are in very different degrees affected by the contagion. One curious instance of this seems to be that nobody can be very interesting to others who takes no interest in himself. Such a defect may not at first sight appear to be dangerously common, but by careful observation most of the negative forms of dulness may be traced to this cause. It is not that people show any want of interest on their own behalf. It is true that most people are interested, even to excess, in their own concerns, and this is the most fruitful source of positive wearisomeness. It is an excess of interest, either in their own concerns or in something else, about which their neighbors care as little, which makes bores; but, apart from this, people may be utterly uninteresting to their neighbors simply for want of what may be called a theoretical interest in themselves; while with it they may be disagreeable, vain, foolish, and fatiguing, but never utterly vapid and colorless.

GOOD-BY.

My little darling! For a short, sad space
I fold thee in a clinging, close embrace,
And read the limpid depths of thy dark eyes;
Knowing full well that never, never more
Wilt thou be to me what thou wert before,
For with this dying day our old life dies.

Think not my love for thee is less, sweet child—
Else would it follow thee with yearning wild,
And losing thee, would life have deeper gloom?
Or would unshed tears burn because I know
That I must let my budding lily go
For other hands to tend until it bloom?

What though we part with lingering fond regret,
Thou in thy fair new life mayst soon forget
Her whom to-night thou calledst loved and dear;
For others in soft tones will breathe thy name,
And hold thy young heart's love with surer claim,
And wiser counsel give and holier cheer.

Yet some day, when this heart, now frail and lone,
Hath, after long years' struggle, stronger grown,
Perchance we'll meet in trust serene and high,
And find it ours, that joy so blessed and strange,
Of love too pure to suffer any change—
May God so will it, darling! Now, good-by!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE identification of religion with a political party, unless when the interests of religion and party are unmistakably identical, has called forth the reprobation of a French bishop of zeal and ability.

Monseigneur Guilbert, Bishop of Gap, has issued a pastoral to his clergy on their duties as to politics. He remarks "that whenever the priests have been associated with one political party its adversaries have become theirs. When the throne and the altar are linked together, if the former is shaken the latter is also. The clergy ought not to espouse any party, for it has obligations to all parties, conquered as well as conquering, in order to lead to concord and peace. Self-styled Catholic newspapers have of late years attached a party flag to their Catholicism, and the result has been an anti-religious reaction, the clergy being wrongly supposed to share the extreme ideas and exaggerations of these imprudent journalists. The priest is entitled to his individual opinion, and to express and defend it, but he should do so apart from his ministry, and with the prudence and moderation befitting his sacerdotal dignity. No party emblem should be attached to the cross, or the latter will itself be insulted and profaned."

This episcopal warning is more needed in France perhaps than elsewhere. It used to be thought in France that a Catholic and Royalist were synonymous terms. It is almost impossible to tell the harm this delusion caused. In the first place it caused the Church to appear, in some sort, responsible for the acts of kings and cabinets, who very frequently were hostile or indifferent to any religion. In the second place, when the misgovernment of these sovereigns caused a popular outbreak, the unreasoning fury of the mob made no distinction between the tyrant and the Church, and both suffered from the same violence. Happily now in France the Catholic Church is entirely disassociated from party. She is neither Royalist, Imperialist, nor Republican. She depends not on the favor of this Bourbon nor of that Napoleon. All parties have at one time or another opposed or oppressed her. Louis XIV fostered schism by the Gallican Articles of 1682. Napoleon I, although he restored the public profession of religion in France, imprisoned Pope Pius VII. Napoleon III permitted his present Holiness to be deprived of a portion of the Papal States, and steadily refused to grant Catholic education in the universities.

THE cruelties of the Russian Czars in Poland must not cause us to forget that the Russian people are naturally a religious people. Religion enters into every act of the Russians. If they are schismatics, it must not be overlooked that they never separated from the Holy See. They received Christianity from the Greeks, and have always retained it in the form they were first taught. The Russian people never overthrew the Catholic faith, as did the English and the Germans. A well-informed writer says: "The Mother of our Lord is regarded with a veneration which, in elevation of sentiment, equals any of the devotions extended to her in the West."

Most of the evils which afflict Russia are traceable to the fact that the country was never included in that "Christendom" which was formed under the influence of the Popes and the religious orders, after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Greek Church fell under the control of the Byzantine emperors; and its daughter, the Russian Church, is the slave of the Czar, who is the ruler and head of it. It is consequently a tool of the most absolute despotism. In Russia no representative rights or liberties exist, and the will of the Czar is law. If the Czar should be an able and progressive ruler, the country experiences the benefit; if he is a tyrant, like Ivan the Terrible, or Nicholas I, the country suffers.

As faithful chroniclers of passing events, the excitement in England on the Bulgarian atrocities deserves a notice. Nothing like it has been ever seen. Liberals and conservatives, high churchmen and low, puritans and ritualists, Catholics and Protestants, dukes and paupers, seem to share the same feeling. The daily papers contain reports of twenty or thirty meetings every day, in great cities and small villages, in county town and mining hamlets. For history records that massacres have been perpetrated in Poland by Russia, in England, in India, and Ireland, and by other nations in divers places. These never excited such a flame of indignation, and we believe the cause has been simply that the enterprise of the daily press has laid the details of the Turkish crimes before Europe on this occasion, and that on previous occasions the facts were kept concealed, and could be denied by those interested in the suppression of the truth. The daily press and the telegraph wire are products of modern civilization of

which we should be proud. That civilization the Church does not need to be reconciled to. She needs such agencies herself.

How pernicious and absurd it is to introduce questions of nationality into the Church, or into the discussion of Church questions. An undue spirit of nationality was the strength of the Greek schism. It caused the great schism of the West in the fourteenth century, when besides the true Pope there were two antipopes; it lengthened the duration of this schism for thirty years, and it paved the way for the easy introduction of the Reformation into England. St. Paul says that in Jesus Christ there is neither Greek, nor Jew, nor circumcised, nor uncircumcised. There is no condition of nationality required in the case of the Popes. Greeks, Romans, Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Italians, have filled the Papal Chair.

It is gratifying that this principle is recognized among American Catholics. How often have we not seen an audience of Irish birth listening to a priest born in Holland, or an Irish priest ministering to an American-born congregation. The only parallel to the mixture of nationalities in this country is to be found in the old Roman empire of the Cæsars.

Prof. Huxley, the famous English evolutionist, has been lecturing in New York to large and fashionable audiences, and his utterances have received much attention from the press. It often occurs to us that it is impossible for the theory of evolution to inflict much damage upon religion. In the first place it is incapable of proof; the utmost that can be brought forward in its favor amounts only to a probability. In the second place, the arguments alleged in its support are of the driest and most dismal description, and can interest or attract but very few. And in the third place, the theory in its practical application presents nothing attractive. It is a bare skeleton, and can enlist neither love nor admiration. Prof. Huxley brings forward a great array of facts, explainable, as he says, only on this supposition; but who knows whether other facts may not be absolutely incompatible with it, and what human mind is capable of grasping all the facts of nature and all the relations of those facts?

The present position of affairs in the east of Europe is as follows: In the first place, Russia is actively assisting Servia. Russian soldiers and volunteers are pouring into the country, loans have been raised in St. Petersburg, banners and arms have been sent in great quantities, and a strong popular enthusiasm on behalf of Servia and her cause has been aroused in Russian society. It is also stated that the Czar has addressed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, in which he proposes that a joint occupation of the frontier provinces of Turkey should take place, Russia occupying Bulgaria and Austria Bosnia and Herzegovina. Turkey, on the other hand, resists these demands, and it appears that the fanaticism of the Moslem population is aroused to such an extent that war with Russia would be very popular. England has made several efforts to avert the coming strife, but apparently in vain, and the war dogs of the North will soon be unchained, and the Eastern Question settled on the battle-fields of Bulgaria and Roumelia, the scene of so many contests in the past.

While Catholics are sleeping, or making money, rejoicing, sometimes, over the fact that somebody or other has become a convert to the faith, thousands and tens of thousands of born Catholics cannot even hear Mass in New York, and in the country districts also many are being lost to the faith. $500,000 are spent on a grand church. This is not right; no church can be too fine, or too beautiful. May it be long, indeed, before the fell spirit of Puritanism invades the Church in America, or Catholics hesitate before they build beautiful edifices to the glory of God. But it should not be forgotten that ten churches in country towns, each costing $50,000, could be built for the same amount for which one costing half a million could be erected; or that fifty churches could be built in as many different villages, at a cost of $10,000 each, by the simple expedient of a Diocesan Church Building Fund, to which contributions could be received. The English Protestants do this, and have built hundreds of churches all over the country by this simple plan.

It sometimes happens that a society, existing in various parts of the United States, is under a cloud in one diocese, and is tolerated or favored in another. But this is no matter of surprise. A moment's consideration will show that in some places designing, unscrupulous, or imprudent men may obtain control of an organization, and use it for their own purposes, or that the members may be refractory and turbulent. Yet in other places the officers and members may be pious, faithful men, and do a great deal of good. Names and paper constitutions are nothing; the spirit and essence of a society are everything. The history of the Templars and of the Freemasons proves this to demonstration, for the very moment when, by the letter of their constitution and rules, the former were bound to do

good service on behalf of religion, they were full of evil. Those on the spot, those who have full information, are most likely to know whether a given society is pernicious or not.

Two Catholic priests have died of yellow fever in Savannah, where an epidemic of that disease has been raging. It will be remembered that on a similar occasion, at Memphis, in Tennessee, some priests lost their lives also while attending the sick. It can be truly stated that no epidemics ever occur, but that some of the Catholic clergy do not fall victims to their zeal. In this connection we recall to mind that when the terrible "Black Death" visited Europe in the fourteenth century, it has been discovered that a far larger proportion of the clergy died than of any other order in society. This was at a period when, according to the "tradition" of slander that passes for history, the clergy are stated to have been very corrupt. The two statements are irreconcilable. If the clergy were corrupt, they would have fled from pestilence, and it would not be found that far more of them perished, in proportion to their numbers, than of any other class.

THE repeated rumors of the death of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, which have so often turned out to be false, show how much importance is attributed by the revolutionary parties to his life. On the death of Pius VI, in captivity, at the end of the last century, there was a great crisis experienced. The epoch of the Council of Constance, in the fifteenth century, was another important one in the history of the Church; and the election of Pope Martin V was awaited with the greatest anxiety and suspense. Elections of Sovereign Pontiffs have often taken place when the preceding Pope had died in captivity, or in exile. Yet the choice of the Cardinals has always been acknowledged by the faithful at large, and we expect that the day of great schisms is over. The warfare between the Church and its enemies has reached quite another phase, and the same overruling Providence that has so long protected the Church will no doubt protect it to the end.

OUR parochial schools are a necessity if we wish the present generation of Catholic children not to lose their faith. Many of them are admirably organized, and efficiently conducted. But some of them, it must be acknowledged, are very deficient in thoroughness of instruction and discipline. Some of our colleges, too, are not what they ought to be. It is all-important that attention be paid to this subject, for the danger of Catholic children becoming tinctured with the prevailing errors of the age is daily becoming more imminent. By the joint operation of indifference, scientific infidelity, materialism, and other forces, the rising generation may become less and less Catholic. No one expects they will become Protestants by conviction and study; but they may and will become totally indifferent to religion unless they are taught early *why* they should be Catholics, and until they are trained to *love* the Church. Look at some European and American countries, and see the magnificent churches unattended by all (save a few old women), and a handful of Freemasons governing the county. The men are not Protestants; they are simply indifferent Catholics.

THE Sisters of St. Joseph were founded in 1650 by Mgr. Henry de Maupas, Bishop of Puy, in France. They have been in the United States since 1836.

The Sisters of Notre Dame were founded in France by Mother Juliart, in 1804, and have labored in the United States since 1830. The Sisters of Mercy owe their foundation to the piety and zeal of Miss Catharine McAuley, of Dublin, in 1827.

The Little Sisters of the Poor were founded in France in 1840, by Rev. A. Le Pailleur, and came to the United States in 1868.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame were also founded in France, the home of so many religious congregations. They date from 1597, and their foundress was Mother A. Leclerc. They have many houses in the United States, and have been in our country for thirty years.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd were founded in 1651 by the venerable John Eudes.

A PASTORAL has been read from Archbishop Bourget in all the Catholic churches of Montreal, announcing his retirement from the episcopate. His Grace had offered his resignation as early as last May, and the Papal brief accepting it is dated in the month of July. His official title is hereafter to be Archbishop of Marionopolis. Monseigneur Fabre is henceforth sole Bishop of Montreal.

Canadian Catholic affairs are in a critical condition. The education conflict rages there far fiercer than it does in our country. Orangeism gives a great deal of annoyance, and a small section of "Liberal Catholics" give the bishops much trouble. A firm, yet judicious and prudent course, is nowhere more needed than in Canada.

THAT wretched and miscalled "Journal of Civilization," *Harper's Weekly*, which is never tired of representing pug-nosed Irish-

men doing all kinds of folly and wickedness at the instigation of priests and bishops, and which publishes over the name of "Eugene Lawrence" a series of "historical sketches," chiefly remarkable for their containing the largest number of lies packed into the smallest space that could be devised, is very anxious to see Mr. Hayes elected. We do not know whether Mr. Hayes is a member of the American Alliance or not. It is, however, an old saying, that men are known by the company they keep, and if the Governor of Ohio has many such supporters as *Harper's Weekly* he must be a good man to defeat!

IT is frequently said that whatever good monks and monasteries formerly accomplished, there is no scope or necessity for their labors in modern times. There are still hundreds of millions of pagans; there are still dark and gloomy city slums, where the wretched inhabitants are sunk in sin and misery, attached to no church and no congregation, living in sin, breathing sin, and dying in sin. Yes, there is a cry going up to heaven from the sinks and slums of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, for help. The Protestants cannot answer it. Protestantism has no Capuchins, no Sisters of Mercy, no Franciscans wedded to poverty, no Redemptorists or Passionists. Only the religious orders of the Catholic Church either can or will do this work.

GROUND has been broken at Hartford, Conn., for a new Catholic cathedral, of Gothic architecture, two hundred and fifty-four feet long, with a spire two hundred and fifty feet high, which is to be one of the best ornamented and most imposing church buildings in New England.

Bishop Galberry is very actively working to build up the diocese, both spiritually and temporally. Few persons have any idea of the multifarious duties of a Catholic bishop. The choice and superintendence of the clergy, the supervision of the Theological Seminary, ordinations, confirmations, dedications, a vast amount of temporal business, etc., all this necessitates an amount of labor so great that it is no wonder that bishops are early gray.

THE University of Laval, in Canada, was established in 1850. More than a million of dollars have been expended on it, fine edifices have been erected, six new museums established and others enriched; 1440 students, who have attended the courses in the four faculties of theology, law, medicine, and arts, and who figure for the most part on the list of the seven hundred graduates; all this has secured for the University the favor of a Brief from the Holy Father, establishing it on a definite basis, and granting to it all the privileges of a university.

Truly in this work the Catholics of Canada have done well, and their work may be worthily imitated in the United States.

DOM ISIDORE ROBERT, O. S. B., the new Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory, will have a very arduous field of labor. In his letter he says: "This vast region, which contains 22,000 whites and 72,000 Indians, 5000 of whom are Catholics, is entirely given up to teachers not Catholic, Catholics not having so much as a single altar, priest, or school. An alms which we need more than money is prayers. We are at the end of our season of repose; we must go into battle. . . . . We will conquer, and (those that aid us) will share the spoils of the victory with us. Prayer accomplishes so many miracles in our day, I ask only for one."

Another distant vicariate has just welcomed its new bishop, Dr. James O'Connor, who was installed at Omaha on Sunday, September 24th, with great honor, and amidst the rejoicings of the people. Bishop Ryan preached the sermon.

WE have many really excellent Catholic journals—journals which, both as regards their loyalty to the Church and their intellectual vigor, well deserve support. But there are, we regret to say, some so-called "Catholic papers" which are a disgrace. Wretched in typography, poor in their selected matter, bombastic in their language, and worthless in every respect, they are no credit to the Church, and less to the Irish people, whom they often insult by their self-appointed and senseless advocacy.

THE condition of the Home Rule movement in Ireland is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Smyth, M.P. for Westmeath, has declared for Repeal, and is supported by a certain class of Irishmen. Meetings in favor of Home Rule continue, however, to be held and largely attended.

It is to be regretted that the question of University education is still unsettled. As long as it remains open Catholics in Ireland suffer from an injustice which their brethren in America are not exposed to, and the higher education of Irishmen labors under great disadvantages.

THE Society of Jesus has always been noted for its immediately seizing the needs of the age, and endeavoring to meet them. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the im-

portance of the Catholic press. Certainly the Jesuits appreciate it, for its members edit six of the most able reviews extant: In Italy, *La Civilta Cattolica;* in France, *Les Etudes Religieuses;* in Belgium, *Collection de Prècis Historiques;* in England, *The Month;* in Germany, *Stimen aus Maria Laach;* in Holland, *Studien op Godstienstig udetenschappelyh en letterkundig gebied.*

THE Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria have succeeded apparently in changing the policy of England in the East. That famous watchword, "The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," is seldom heard, and instead of it such phrases as "securing the autonomy of the Christian provinces," and "obtaining guarantees for their future good government," have taken its place. Nevertheless, Russian troops continue to enter Servia; money, arms, and ammunition are being furnished to the Servians, and the whole of Southeastern Europe is in a ferment.

HENRY WISE, ex-Governor of Virginia, is dead. He earned the gratitude of the Irish-born portion of the population by his resistance to the Know-Nothing, anti-Catholic party of 1854. This party had swept several States; in the Old Dominion its progress was stayed by the exertions of Governor Wise, who travelled, canvassed, and spoke most energetically on behalf of the rights of foreign-born citizens, and who succeeded in defeating the party in Virginia. It has never since been formidable.

THE political campaign waxes warmer, but, fortunately, there does not appear to be much effort to "work" the sectarian question. Doubtless Archbishop Purcell's circular and appeal has had some influence, and, besides that, the questions at issue are so manifestly important that it seems absolutely necessary to meet them. The currency, the business prostration, the state of the South, civil service reform, etc., are surely enough to fully employ the energies of the most ardent politicians.

WE notice in an exchange, that of the twenty-five thousand men in our standing army, sixteen thousand are Catholics. There are thirty chaplains in the United States army, regularly appointed, of which number one is a Catholic priest. In the British army there are a large number of Catholic chaplains, who are paid by Government, and who rank as officers. In this, as in education, America could borrow a little justice and liberality even from Protestant England.

FROM May, 1851, to June, 1876—twenty-five years—nearly 2,400,000 emigrants from Ireland landed in America, and they are still coming, although not in such great numbers as formerly. In the first six months of 1875, the emigration amounted to 31,000, and for the same period this year to 20,000. In proportion to the resident population of Ireland, the emigration is not very far short of what it always has been.

A MAGNIFICENT church was consecrated at Clonliffe, Ireland, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, by Cardinal Cullen. A sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, on the Holy Cross, in which he referred in eloquent terms to the battle in which the power of the Danes was broken forever in Ireland, and to the prosperity of the Catholic religion in Ireland.

NOT always is a hero forgotten in his native land. Termonde, Flanders, is about to erect a monument to the great Father De Smet, the Apostle of the Rocky Mountains and the Las Casas of America.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF ANNAM. A History of Christianity in Cochin-China and Tonquin. By John R. Shortland, M.A., Canon of Plymouth, author of the *Corea Martyrs*. London: Burns & Oates, 1875.

The missionary work of the Church is one that knows no cessation, for it is the fulfilment of the perpetual commission given her by Christ to teach all nations. Nor have the conditions attending the missionary work materially changed since the Apostles first entered upon its performance. Missionaries to-day, in one country or another, are hated and persecuted, and carried before secular rulers, as they were in the age of the Apostles. In Germany, Russia, Italy, and other civilized countries, they are only fined, imprisoned, or exiled. In other countries they meet with a treatment which is quite equal in the barbarity of its methods of torture to that which the Christians of early ages endured.

The book before us shows that this, until a few years ago, was the case in Annam. It gives an account of the missions which have been established in Cochin-China and Tonquin (the two countries which make up the empire of Annam), and of the cruel and often-repeated persecutions the missionaries and their converts had repeatedly to suffer.

The missions in Cochin-China were commenced in 1615 by the Jesuit Father Francis Buzomi, who in that year came over from Macao. His labors resulted in several conversions. The king favored him, but the jealousy and hostility of pagan priests were soon aroused and opposition excited. Still the mission was continued, and many natives were converted. In 1639 death terminated Father Buzomi's work. It was resumed by the great missionary of those parts, Alexander of Rhodes, and was attended with such success that by the middle of the seventeenth century there were fifty thousand Christians, and before the close of the century they had increased to eighty thousand. All this was not accomplished without opposition. There were fierce and frequent persecutions, of which an account is given in this work.

The history of the commencement of missions in Tonquin is very similar to that of Cochin-China. The first missionary of note was Alexander of Rhodes, who was in it from 1627 to 1630, performing an amount of labor beyond ordinary human ability to endure. He preached from four to six times daily, and often spent whole nights in hearing confessions. The king at first was favorable. His sister, and several others of the royal family, became Christians. The number of converts increased rapidly, so that in 1658 it had reached three hundred thousand.

All this, however, was not accomplished without opposition. The king, who at first favored the missionaries, turned against them. The most cruel laws were enacted against Christians, and still more cruelly executed. Down to the present time these persecutions have continued, with occasional intermissions; but they have proved powerless to destroy Christianity in that region. Missionaries from time to time made their way into the country, schools and churches were secretly maintained. A bishop was appointed by the Holy Roman See, and a regular hierarchy established. Of the hardships and dangers encountered and endured by bishop and priests, and their converts, not unfrequently crowned with martyrdom in the end, the work before us gives an interesting account. These persecutions continued until 1874, when a French naval force compelled the Emperor of Annam to allow the liberty of professing and practicing Christianity throughout his dominion. The fierceness and extent of the persecution which was thus terminated may be judged from the fact that during, or a few years previous, seventy thousand Christians were driven into exile, five or six thousand put to death, and more than a hundred Christian villages burned to the ground.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DRINK; an Historical Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of the Catholic Church regarding the Use, Abuse, and Disuse of Alcoholic Liquors, especially in England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Sixth to the Sixteenth Centuries. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. S.S. R.; with an Introductory Letter to the Author, by His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1876. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The purpose of this work is stated in the preface to have been with the hope that it will be serviceable "to the lay advocates of temperance, who, from want of accurate instruction in Christian morals, sometimes

condemn drink, which is the work of God, while attacking drunkenness, which is the work of man." The book is "mainly historical, rather than doctrinal." It contains a multitude of facts regarding both the Catholic Church and the history of England, Ireland, and Scotland, not generally known. The author states that he "was led to investigate in the pulpit and the confessional the methods by which the vice of drunkenness has been met, in different ages and countries, by the Catholic Church." Out of materials thus gathered he has made a selection, and after speaking of the general doctrine and discipline of the Church on the subject of drink and drunkenness, he has followed it out in greater detail in the British Isles.

"The inhabitants of England, at least," says the author, "have always had both a propensity to the excessive use of stimulants and the means of gratifying it. The Catholic Church also had almost undisputed possession for a thousand years of the religious reverence of these nations. What use did she make of it in the cause of temperance? If she made efforts, with what success were they attended?" To the discussion of these questions (questions both of historical and practical interest), the author has devoted a considerable portion of his book. The scope of the work, as a whole, cannot be better given than is done in the Table of Contents, as follows: Chapter I. The Doctrine of the Church as to the Use and Disuse of Alcoholic Liquors. Chap. II. Her Doctrine as to their Abuse. Chap. III. Discipline of the Church. Chap. IV. The Preceding Doctrine and Discipline Studied in their Results in the British Isles. Chap. V. Drinks Used in Former Times. Chap. VI. Drinking Customs. Chap. VII. Action of the Civil Power before the Sixteenth Century. Chap. VIII. Action of the Church through the Sacrament of Penance. Chap. IX. Remarks on the Penitential System. Chap. X. Action of the Church in her Synods. Chap. XI. Results of the Withdrawal of the Church's Influence. Chap. XII. Conclusions and Suggestions. Appendix, containing Rules of Various Associations. P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We cannot say more in commendation of this book than Cardinal Manning has already said, nor describe so well its merits, as he has done in a few sentences: "It is," he says, "the first attempt to collect the counsels and judgments of Catholic pastors and writers on the use of wine and the sin of drunkenness. The historical part . . . . is full of interest, and the quotations from the Fathers and the Saints are of great value and beauty. . . . . Your book will, I believe, be of signal use in clearing a multitude of prejudices, and perhaps some more reasonable censures, which have impeded the efforts . . . . . making to check the spread of intoxication."

A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States. By John O'Kane Murray, B.S. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.; Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street, 1876.

This work will be useful to many whose means of informing themselves about the establishment and growth of the Church in this country are limited. It contains a large amount of important information, to gather which must have cost the author no inconsiderable time and labor. It also has a number of sketches of the lives and labors of the first missionaries to the Indians, and of eminent Catholics in the United States, which are interesting, and will be valuable to those who have not access to larger and more complete histories and biographies. As a convenient book of reference, and repertory of information, too, on certain subjects, it has value to still another and more scholarly class of persons. On these accounts the work is likely to be received with very general favor. It will be useful in extending a knowledge among the people at large as to how the Church was first planted in this country, who the pioneers of Catholicity and first missionaries were, the difficulties they had to encounter, their labors and successes, how the Church has since prospered, and what it is now doing, etc.

We regret that the arrangement of the material which the author has gathered is not as happy as it might be, and that the style of some portions of the work verges on the declamatory. The need, however, of diffusing more generally than has as yet been done, among the people at large, such information as this book contains, is so urgent that we ought not to lay stress upon faults of detail and execution, but rather thank the author, and congratulate ourselves, as Catholics, for the good the book may accomplish.

The Comprehensive Series of Geographies. P. O'Shea, Publisher, New York.

This series of Geographies is one of great excellence. In the arrangement and order of topics, simplicity of the same, clearness and fulness of treatment of them, in accuracy and other desiderata, for school-books these Geographies are certainly deserving of high commendation.

The maps are clear and distinct, and the illustrations excellent, both as regards subjects and execution; those of number three especially, some of which would grace an

album or collection of prints for a parlor centre-table.

Number three, which is intended for more advanced students than numbers one and two, especially pleases us. It comprises not only topical, political, and statistical geography, but also physical and historical, and will give to the pupil who studies it diligently a very fair idea of these latter subjects, as well as those which are ordinarily comprehended in geographies.

It is matter of congratulation that now that the want of Catholic text-books, through the multiplication of Catholic schools and academies, is daily coming to be more generally and deeply felt, Mr. O'Shea has taken a step so successfully towards supplying the want as regards geographies. This is the more to be rejoiced at, because it is especially in geographies and histories that the defects of non-Catholic text-books, and their injurious and false representations as to the Catholic Church and the peoples of Catholic countries, are most glaring, and tend to do most harm in filling the minds of pupils with wrong impressions. These impressions are well guarded against in the Comprehensive Series. The historical and other statements in them, bearing upon religion, are true and fair, and will give pupils correct and just ideas upon the subjects referred to.

THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS AMONG THE COLLIERS AND IRONWORKERS OF MONMOUTHSHIRE. London: Burns & Oates. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is a narrative of results accomplished by patient, faithful labor, during the last sixteen years, among the poor Catholics of Monmouthshire, England. These people are chiefly the descendants of emigrants from Ireland. The emigrants themselves were instructed in the elements of their faith, but they settled in a district of England where they were cut off from priests and attendance upon mass. The language in which they habitually spoke was their native tongue. The children, as they grew up, learned the English, and not the Irish, and their parents were unable to instruct them in religion, both from this cause, and from carelessness and the pressure of constant hard work grinding out the energies both of mind and body.

Amongst this population Father Elzear, a Franciscan priest, commenced a mission in 1860. He began without any material resources, having had to borrow money to pay his railroad fare to the place. The work gives a graphic and moving account of the wretchedness of the people, their ignorance, their deep moral degradation and spiritual ignorance; and also the immense change that was effected in a few years by the self-denying and well-directed labors of Father Elzear and other devoted priests, who after the commencement of the mission came to his assistance.

A SHORT LATIN GRAMMAR. Part First: The Declensions. By Edward Roth, A.M. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

This is an effort, by a gentleman who is a practical teacher of large experience, to lessen the drudgery and difficulties which attend the first steps in commencing the study of the Latin language. The number of Latin Grammars is almost countless, and many of them are very good to be used by pupils who have already mastered the elements of Grammar and acquired some knowledge of the Latin language; but they are so full of details of long rules, and innumerable exceptions to those rules, that when put into the hands of mere beginners, the first feeling they inspire is that of discouragement and disgust.

Prof. Roth's experience of this, and of its unfavorable effect upon young students, has led him to make the endeavor to remedy it, and from an examination of his book we think he has been very successful. This first part contains sixteen lessons. The first lesson has for its subject the Latin Letters and their Pronunciation. The other fifteen lessons are taken up with the Declensions. The explanations are so simple and clear, and the steps by which the pupil is carried forward, follow each other so naturally and easily that the difficulties which generally discourage persons commencing the study of Latin are greatly diminished.

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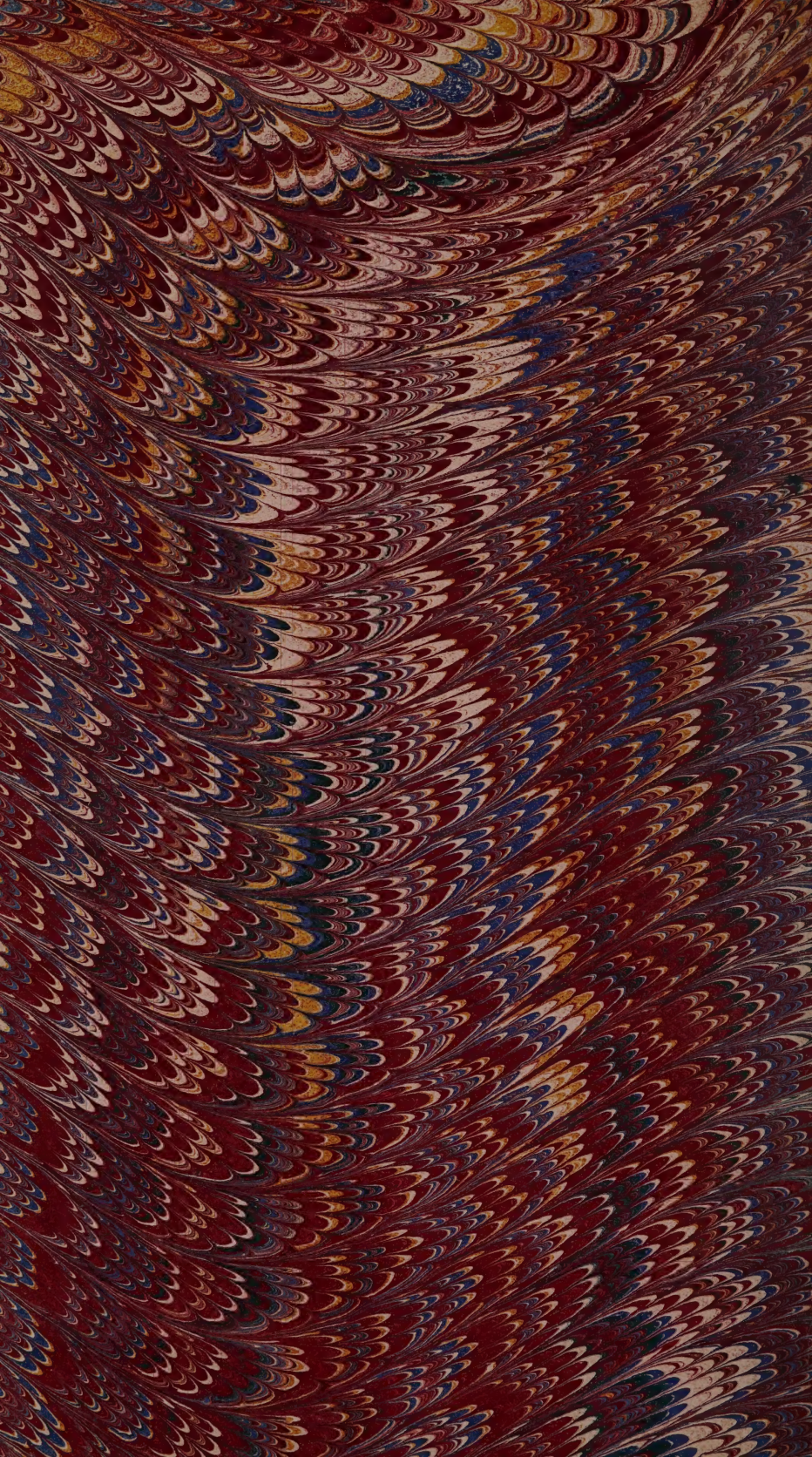

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